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APOLLO

1949

the Magazine of the Arts for
Connoisseurs and Collectors

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THE MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS FOR CONNOISSEURS AND COLLECTORS

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CURRENT SHOWS AND COMMENTS BY PERSPEX

PAINTING—AND SOME SCULPTURE

ALL yachtsmen know those wary moments when the passing of some major vessel causes something like havoc among their own lighter craft as its wash sets them rocking or even floundering where they are wont proudly to ride the normal waves and negotiate the ordinary currents. The coming Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy has something of this effect upon the small craft of the art world. Mr. Wyndham Lewis, indeed, has been pertinently asking recently whether these great popular exhibitions are encouraging art and art appreciation, and dreaming that but for them the hundreds of thousands who pour through the turnstiles to see Van Gogh or Viennese Art or Munich Art or whatever is the much-publicised attraction would devote their time and enthusiasm to the small private galleries and the contemporary artist. I feel sadly sure that they would not; and only hope that these big shows will make the public sufficiently art-conscious to cause them to haunt Bond Street and its environs in the interstices of the exhibitions which they "simply must see." One also hopes that they will attend the smaller functions with a deeper understanding of the contemporary offering; and it is up to our modern artists to see that they do not have a feeling of swift descent from the sublime to the pernickerty.

The French Landscape Exhibition at Burlington House should prove tremendously popular and promises to be extremely good. On this occasion the two voices of our official art will be in unison, for—to change the simile—the modernist wolf will lie down with the Academic lamb. Anyway, the opportunity to see hundreds of the finest French landscapes stretching from that school of Paris which gave us the great miniaturists in the XIIIth century to the school of Paris which produces the excitements of the XXth should be fascinating.

Meantime, before they are swamped, we may turn our attention to lesser sails which ride the yet untroubled waters.

Official art of the revolutionary type has established itself one degree more firmly (despite these denunciations by Wyndham Lewis) by acquiring the long-closed New Burlington Galleries behind the Royal Academy as a permanent exhibition space. Hitherto the Arts Council and the British Council have had to depend upon the hospitality of the Tate, the National, the V. and A., or one of the private galleries to stage the shows sponsored by them. The New Burlington is not ideal for their purpose, but it is fairly large, and the Board of Works has made it impressive—when once one manages to get in. This Gallery always suffered from an entrance rather like one of the less reputable night clubs, and is not improved by operating only from a confusing side door. Inside, however, all is beauty and light.

The first Exhibition is one of Contemporary British Art gathered

from available works in the respective collections of the Arts Council and of the British Council. Contemporary in this instance is a spiritual rather than a temporal term, for it includes Sickert, who was born in 1860, Michael Ayrton, born in 1921, and Spencer Gore, who died seven years before that. It also shows the Nicholsons, father and son: Sir William in a modernist mood which takes little account of his true painterly qualities, and Ben indulging in the worst excesses of his collage-abstractionist style. Actually the Exhibition gives a useful survey of the contemporary British scene in painting. There is one piece of sculpture by Frank Dobson which looks a little surprised to find itself thus companionless in the show, and is not a very good piece on any count.

It is the painting, therefore, and drawings and water-colours with which this exhibition is concerned and even though in many instances the works are not the best possible representation of the artist in question, they are usually good, typical pieces. One of the most attractive to me was "Portrait of a Girl" by Victor Pasmore. This picture is one of those where the painter's quality and handling give beauty to a model who, to say the least, is not conspicuous for that trait. It is thus a painter's triumph: there is nothing slick, nothing idealised, but the artist compels our interest by the reality with which he invests his work. This girl lives on his canvas.

After seeing it I hastened to the Redfern Gallery where an exhibition of Victor Pasmore's recent work was being held. I have long been interested by the lyrical decorative note of his painting, and intrigued by the tendency he has to incorporate in a single work a number of styles. One wondered which way he would eventually choose. I can but hope that this exhibition is

not the final answer but merely an aberration, for it consists of fourteen large abstractions bearing such titles as "Rectangular motif in black and yellow," or "Triangular motif in green and violet." They consist of geometrical shapes either coloured rather crudely or covered with pieces of newspaper pasted on to give some sort of texture in black and white. In the catalogue the artist writes rather grandly of Abstract Painting being "like music, suggestive and evocative": "as the rhythmic divisions of time and sound in music find an echo in the deepest recesses of the mind, so do the spaces, the tones and the colours of painting."

Let me admit at once my personal insensitivity to these large pure abstractions looking slightly like errant pieces of an ordnance map, though, of course, devoid of any such intelligible significance. They evoke nothing in the deepest recesses of my mind except faint recollections of nursery activities as an under-five. As a point of psychology I should say that when the "spaces, tones, and colours of painting" are able to operate on the subconscious and so be suggestive



PORTRAIT OF A GIRL.

By VICTOR PASMORE.

From the Exhibition of Contemporary British Art at the New Burlington Galleries.

PERSPEX's choice for the Picture of the Month.

and evocative is when they are themselves the substructure and not the subject of a picture. Drag them into the conscious, as Mr. Pasmore has done here, and the subconscious will play its own game by the evocation of infantile or less innocent associations. One does not so much mind this sort of thing from people who cannot paint anyway, but Victor Pasmore can, as his "Portrait of a Girl" reveals.

Modernism which seems less self-conscious, more natural, is manifest at another exhibition of the Arts Council, that of "Modern German Prints and Drawings" at their more intimate gallery in St. James's Square. Broadly, the work is Expressionist, a form of art which depends upon an excessive emotionalism and therefore finds its strongest manifestation in Germany, since the Germans are a fundamentally emotional people. There is a kind of explosive violence about much of this, a violence both of form and colour. Often one is repelled by the ugliness or alienated by the technical crudity; but the impression left upon one is that of vitality. Actually I found the much-extolled work of Paul Klee among the least convincing, precisely because it seemed to lack this strong emotional life and therefore to be merely cerebral. The tragic note, typical of this country which again and again betrays itself into suffering, is basic to this Expressionist art. In the drawings of Barlach the sculptor, of that great humanist Kathe Kollwitz, and in a host of others, there is this sense of tragedy—an Aristotelian catharsis by pity and terror.

After this contact with German *Weltschmerz* all English and French art seems a trifle frivolous. At the Leicester Gallery, for instance, there are drawings by William Roberts; sculpture, chiefly of ballet, by Cora Gordine; and paintings by Bateson Mason. True, in the few figure subjects of this last there is a hint of the tragic world. His "Boy in a Red Jacket" and "Alley of Secrets" had in them a curious poetry, a stillness, an internal life, which had all to do with the way they were painted. The first of these was spoiled by the feebleness of the drawing of the hands, yet somehow even this contributed to the mood of the pathetic helplessness of adolescence which gave the picture its strange appeal. In this manner, and in that where he sees whole towns as a kind of semi-cubist pattern, Mr. Mason is a most promising artist. "Small City" and "Blue Evening" were fascinating in this second style. He has other pictures which seem only to be echoes of other people—of Paul Nash in one instance, of John Piper in several more, and once or twice of the *naïveté* of some French Sunday Painters. All this he will probably eliminate (or has already done so). One hopes he will develop his figure work. For this we will gladly lose those unnecessary still-lives set on tables which (as tables now must be in art) are deliberately wrong in perspective. "Boy in a Red Jacket," in particular, focussed attention on the boy's head and made a brilliant use of background which was partly real and partly suggestive—not an easy thing for an artist to achieve.

Cora Gordine's recent sculpture in the same gallery makes an impressive show. The sculptor is inevitably drawn to the sister art of ballet because here the human body is seen in a whole alphabet of expressive poses, and that surely is the approach of the sculptor too. These bronzes are individually most satisfying though collectively a little monotonous. From the point of view of pure ballet I should have thought that her model was rather heavy and lacking in grace. Inevitably one thinks of Degas' swiftly moving figurines, and against those Cora Gordine's statuettes are static with a hint of Eastern dance poses which is inherent in her work. Indeed, I think I liked them best when they were almost frankly Eastern. It may also have been the effect of seeing a large number of these works together that one became so conscious of her method of giving texture by patterning the surface of her clay with a kind of cross-hatching with her modelling tools. Cora Gordine is one of our contemporary sculptors who shows that there need be no distortion of the human figure in order to achieve expressive art.

William Roberts' work also suffered from the monotony of seeing too many of the same size and kind. His formula, which he has loyally followed through the whole of his artistic life, is at its best in satirical subjects as many of these drawings are, but it does not ever feel serious. Actually it vitiates all feeling of any kind, except humour, and if one has any reaction to his world of cylinders it is a purely intellectual one of admiration for his ingeniousness and unending inventiveness on this theme.

For art which does feel deeply serious and at times monumental we may turn to that of Dame Ethel Walker who has been having a show at the Lefevre Gallery. Here were thirty paintings and a half-dozen drawings which were marked throughout by the kind of mastery typical of the best artists. I personally find that Dame Ethel's seascapes give me perfect satisfaction. There is one in this exhibition, "Summer Clouds," where nothing happens except the

interrelationship of the light between the foaming waters and the lightly clouded sky. When Monet turned to Impressionism, influenced by Boudin, it was this brilliance of light over the breakers which attracted him and challenged his new method. In Ethel Walker's sea pieces we have the best of this kind. Her seas are often grey against the foam, but truth to nature and the beauty which emanates from it can give no more. When she turns to portraiture she remains a pure Impressionist, breaking her superficial forms under the influence of light on their surfaces, yet retaining a solid sense of structure so that they never become merely flat decorations. In this exhibition there is the head, "The Seaman," magnificent in this manner; and another, a study of Elsa Lanchester evidently painted some years ago, which is a portrait characteristic both of the artist and the sitter, as a good portrait should be. It is noteworthy that in this Dame Ethel takes no advantage of the exciting colour of the Titian red hair which in those days made Elsa Lanchester a conspicuous figure in Bohemian London. This she subdues into something nearer the red-brown which is almost the warmest colour on her palette. There is no getting of effects by superficial charm with this artist. I enjoy her least when she is doing those large mural decorations, such as the "Evening" in this exhibition, which depend so largely upon their linear quality. The draughtsmanship upon which she builds such works is evident in the small drawings of nudes of which there are a few in this show; but on the life-size scale upon which she inclines to work in this vein her deliberate toning down of her colour creates a rather dull effect. One returns to the lovely Impressionist works glad for the opportunity of seeing anew an exhibition of this "elder statesman" among our women artists, for Dame Ethel is 87.

After the grey eminence of this exhibition there is something startling in going to the Mayor Gallery to a show called "Fourteen Paintings" for these are chiefly by the rather strident school and tempt one to murmur "Glorious Technicolour." Matthew Smith sets the pace with "Nude with a Rose," and André Masson runs him close with three large Cubist landscapes with broken forms and colours of atomic violence. Against these, however, there is a rich "Nude" by Matisse, painted about 1922; characteristic works by Bonnard and Vuillard; and a very fine Sickert, "Laycock and Thunderplump," also belonging to the early 1920's. A picture by Augustus John, "Sweet Williams," is the worst John I have ever seen and one of the worst flower-pieces, but Augustus John's rare dalliance with flowers is usually unhappy.

The work which dominates the room, however, is Paul Nash's great "Solstice of the Sunflower." Here again the artist has taken no specious advantage of the blaze of colour which his subject invited, for Nash, too, realised the value of colour through its subtlety. He never played with all the stops out. The resultant effect is one of a beauty which invites the eye rather than compels it. In these strange imaginative canvases of the end of his life Paul Nash appears to have found something which crystallised the many elements, mystical, intellectual, and aesthetic, of his art. He, too, was always seeking, as James Stephens says:

"Something I could never find
Something lying on the ground
At the bottom of my mind."

and in the project for these mystical paintings wherein the cycles of the heavens were linked with the rhythms of flowers he gives one the feeling of having touched what for him was a reality. Surrealism, on this occasion, becomes justified of her children. But the subconscious world of Paul Nash was not the haphazard realm of the dreamer so much as the controlled domain of the mystic.

Back to earth and officially sponsored art, with the show of the five panels by John Piper commissioned by the Board of Works as decoration for the dining room of the British Embassy in Brazil. Excellent to encourage contemporary art and artists in this way; and the scheme of using Regency architecture as the *motif* is excellent too since an Embassy is assumed to be

"Some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England."

At least over his nuts and wine an ambassador may be allowed nostalgically to dwell in an English atmosphere remote in time and place from the harsh realities of his exile and job. The success of the paintings depends, I should say, upon the size and layout of the apartment for which they were designed (a scale model would have been interesting). At South Kensington they look a little strident and stage-backclothish; but Piper is a romantic and has created something both lively and decorative.

In their midst were placed a dining table and chairs designed by Eric Ravillious, an artist whose water-colours I admire. But he should not have designed a dining table with the legs coming exactly where the diners' legs would come—except for the Mad Hatter's tea party.

The XIVth Century *Ufiziolo* of Filippo Maria Visconti

BY DOROTHY NEVILE LEES

THE *Ufiziolo*¹ of Filippo Maria Visconti, preserved until recently in a private collection, is less well known than are other celebrated *Ufizioli* and Books of Hours, such as the beautiful Grimani Breviary at Venice and the magnificent "*très riche heures*" of the Duc de Berry kept in the Condé Museum at Chantilly, a work which, begun in the early XVth century and completed in 1485 after the Duke's death (in 1416), is said to proclaim "a new era of the Art" of illumination and to demonstrate how largely Italian art had contributed to prepare the miniaturists who produced this masterpiece.

The Visconti *Ufiziolo* was, indeed, described by Professor Toesca² in 1912 as still quite unknown, although listed in the *elenco degli oggetti di sommo pregio* (Rome, 1904).

It was one of the most precious among the many manuscripts and works of art collected by the Hungarian bibliophile, Baron Horace De Landau, and was for many subsequent years preserved in the Florentine villa of his niece, Madame Finaly, a part of the collection being eventually left to the city

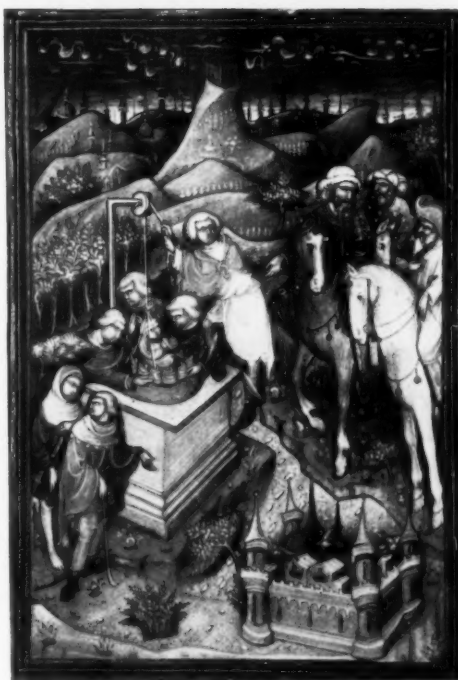


(Above)
Top portion of
miniature and
vignette showing
Noah and
animals at
the Ark.

(Right)
The story
of Joseph.

(Left)
Egyptians
engulfed in the
Red Sea as the
Israelites reach
dry land.

In the vignettes which surround these miniatures and which are not included in these reproductions the viper of the Visconti appears many times.





A magnificent illuminated page in which the central scene of the Nativity is full of naïve and touching details: the woman pouring water and testing the temperature with the other hand, St. Joseph warming linen at the fire, the ox and the ass getting carefully on their knees and outside the holy space, angels, shepherds and their dog and sheep, the latter traced over with sprays of lacy green.

of Florence by her son, Horace Finaly, who died in New York on May 19th, 1945.

The *Uffiziolo* is a manuscript volume measuring circ. 9½ ins. by 7 ins. The leaves are of thick vellum, written or illuminated on both sides. It has a worn red velvet cover with heavy silver clasps, and the edges of the leaves have been slightly clipped, causing in some few pages some little injury to the out-branching tendrils of the design.

The text on each page of plain script covers a space of 4½ ins. by 3½ ins., with twenty-one closely set, exquisitely written, lines to the page, the scattered capitals being in gold lettering set on small decorative rectangles of blue or red. On the pages of litanies, listed saints or invocations, with their successive short sentences, these small capitals, placed at the beginning of each line, form a close column, the blank spaces at the ends of the lines being filled in with strips of varying tints enriched with gold, or with bands of pure gold.

The gold is, throughout, fresh and brilliant, the initials and

decorations glittering as if freshly burnished, and often heavily embossed.

Although the *Uffiziolo* is known as the Book of Filippo Maria Visconti, both the style of the work and documentary evidence serve to confirm the opinion that the work was really begun in the time of his father, Gian Galeazzo Visconti (he, too, possessed a magnificent *Uffiziolo* which in 1912 was in the possession of the Duke U. Visconti di Modrone), and that Filippo Maria's miniaturist did but carry on and complete the work.

"In this rare book of prayers," writes Professor Toesca, "the work of very differing artists and periods is to be distinguished; the more recent miniatures belong, as we shall see, to the time of Filippo Maria Visconti, the earlier to that of Gian Galeazzo Visconti."

Gian Galeazzo was accounted the greatest, save for Lucchino, Petrarch's patron, of the Visconti family, and, by his political genius, extended his dominion far beyond that attained by his predecessors. He married Isabella of France, on which occasion he was invested with, or assumed, the title of *Conte di Virtù*. He was the founder of the cathedral of Milan (1386) and of the Certosa of Pavia (1396), and, liberal patron of the arts, invited to his court artists and men of letters from all parts of Italy and from beyond the Alps.

On his death in 1402 he was succeeded by his three sons, the last survivor of whom was Filippo Maria who died in 1447, and with whom the family became extinct, the rulership of Milan then passing, after a brief republican interlude, to the Sforza family, which held sway until 1535.

The earlier part of the work is attributed to Giovannino de' Grassi, his son Salomone, and their collaborators.

Giovannino de' Grassi was one of the leading artist-craftsmen drawn to Milan towards the end of the XIVth century, during the first period of the building of the Duomo.

He came possibly from the Comasque or Como region, and is first mentioned in 1389, in documents relative to the building of the cathedral to which enterprise, for more than a decade, he devoted "his multifarious activity as architect, sculptor, painter, miniaturist and designer, while also attending to the initial works of the Certosa of Pavia."³ He also, with his son, worked on the famous "Beroldo" of the Trivulziana Library. He died on July 5th, 1398.

Giovannino de' Grassi possessed a remarkable gift for depicting animals and birds, demonstrating "keenness of observation and such sureness in objectively portraying their every varied detail that at first sight one would be led to believe them to be traced by a XVth century artist," manifesting also "the objective accuracy of a naturalist" and a truthfulness such as "Pisanello would not have disdained."⁴

In Professor Toesca's opinion the *Uffiziolo* is mutilated at the beginning, since on an early page (and the pages are not numbered, save in more recent times, in pencil) is written: "explicit liber psalterii, Deo gratias. Amen"; whereas "there is no psalter"; and "it contains, after various prayers, an office of the Madonna, the office of the dead, the litanies, the offices of the Holy Spirit, of the Passion, and others. It ends, at cc. 175, 'explicit officium sanctae crucis minoris. Deo Gratias. Amen'."

He also draws attention to the fact that among the other prayers is found (cc. 9 v.) the following: "Omnipotens sempiterno deus miserare famulo nostro domino Galeaz Comiti virtutem et dirige eum secundum tuam clementiam, in viam vite eterne! . . .": words which not only show that the codex was executed for Gian Galeazzo Visconti but serve to establish its date as prior to the year 1395 in which the *Conte di Virtù* assumed the ducal title.

His conclusion is: "Considering that the *Uffiziolo* is probably fragmentary and that its form corresponds to that of the codex of Gian Galeazzo, we suspect it formed part of that."

THE UFIIZIOLO OF FILIPPO MARIA VISCONTI

As regards the illustration, "extraordinarily rich in ornament, initials, great miniatures representing events from the New and Old Testament," Professor Toesca holds that, while the earlier part was executed by the de' Grassi, father and son, from the picture of Adam and Eve, 57 v., "the miniaturist of Filippo Maria Visconti (whose monogram is inscribed on one of the pages) continues until the end of the codex" in his own manner, completing what his predecessors had already in large part achieved; and that "a more recent artist not only himself painted many miniatures, but also on some pages engrafted his work closely upon that of his predecessors."

He draws attention, for instance, to the fact that "even in the more ancient parts of the *Ufiziolo* of Filippo Maria Visconti, miniatures of varying merit are intermingled, although all conformable to one same style, and can be attributed, according to their degree of perfection, now to Giovannino, now to Salomone de' Grassi"; and that the initials, sometimes ornamented with figures in monochrome, have the singular architectonic forms peculiar to those manuscripts (book of prayers of Gian Galeazzo, etc.), "the pages being 'here and there bestrewn with golden stars, vine tendrils and red foliage on a gold background' and everywhere adorned with 'profuse and varied figures of animals, portrayed with perfect truth.'" (One at least of the scribes has put himself on record, cc. 108 being signed: "*frater Amadeus scripsit*.")

The viper, the device of the Visconti, is frequently (sometimes even six or seven times on a single page) introduced into the decorations; never, indeed, does Gian Galeazzo or Filippo Maria allow his artist to forget that it is for a Visconti that he is working.

It appears, ubiquitously, everywhere, as, for example, repeated on two shields, in the scene where Adam and Eve, having discovered, after eating the apple, that they are naked, hide unavailingly behind a rock in the Garden of Eden. Sometimes it waxes into a great blue dragon, swarming up perpendicular bars like flagstaves and spewing out a dismayed scarlet soul. Even a crimson angel, among those forming a garland around the Incoronation of the Virgin, has the Visconti ensign with its blue and scarlet viper pendent from his trumpet.

It is a superb picture-book over which, apart from its devotional purpose, to linger in delight. Every page is rich, aglow; and those resplendent with miniatures and great illuminated capitals are blazoned with colours as gorgeous and iridescent as a peacock's tail or a bed of tulips . . . green, blue, purple, scarlet, yellow, brown, orange, blending with the shining gold to produce a glowing whole; and there is no stinting of the costly ultramarine, so often a source of dispute between lavish painters and parsimonious patrons.

The work is, throughout, rich in fantasy and decorative exuberance, combined with realistic and often homely detail.

In the graceful and masterly architectural features, so minute yet so majestic, in the fresh gay colours, the inexhaustible detail, the evident pleasure in costume, the dressing of hair, the minute particulars, there is an affinity with the work of Fra Angelico, while the imaginative concepts of the superhuman, such as the representation of the Creator dividing the dry land from the water and the circumambient glories of cherubim and seraphim, seem akin, across the centuries, with some of William Blake's designs.

No subject is too majestic to depict, no detail too humble in which to delight. All creation is approached with a joyous reverence and zest, be it "that Leviathan" or a beetle, the sun in splendour or a daisy gazing up at it golden-eyed. Whether it be the curled and rippling beard of a prophet, the legs of a fly, the expression in the eye of an ox, ass or leopard, the petals of a microscopic flower, the details of some arboreal church, a glory of seraphim or the varied tracery of entwined foliage, it is all on the same noble



A page depicting the symbols of the four Evangelists flanking the central subject—God the Father observing the sacrifice of two lambs—St. Luke's ox, couchant upon his scarlet-bound volume, turns aside his head with holy dignity and flutters his three pairs of wings, and between the ox and his *vis-à-vis* the lion of St. Mark, is a white rabbit immediately below the Holy Dove.

level, manifests the same loving meticulous care, the same fresh sense of delight.

The Bible stories are depicted with that wealth of entrancing detail which children demand and delight in and which primitive painters do not stint.

On one splendid page, surrounding a picture where God the Father appears to be brooding over the world He has created, closely enlaced groups of seraphim and cherubim form rosettes of blue or rose-red in the upper angles; and beneath, linked by golden foliage and decorative design, ducks and birds of many species disport themselves on green sward set with small green trees.

In another illustration, representing Eve being summoned forth from the side of a sleeping Adam, a scarlet-winged gryphon observes the event from the margin, while a surly leopard, seated bolt upright like a sullen cat, gazes from a rock into vacancy, and other animals, . . . elephant, bear, monkeys . . . meditate or disport themselves below.

All the familiar figures of the Bible story are there, delightfully

and dramatically presented. Abraham is halted by an angel and shown a well-curved white ram hard by, when just about to slay young Isaac, stretched prone upon a grill on top of a scarlet altar. Joseph, apparently a chubby four-year-old, is hauled by six of his brothers out of a finely built well, complete with windlass and cord, while three Midianites on beautiful horses observe the scene, and the background is rich with the soaring towers of Dothan.

A young Moses before the Burning Bush, . . . a compact green tree beflowered with tongues of red fire . . . is shown, obedient to the command to put off his shoes, seated on the grass, stripping off his long scarlet stockings and high brown boots, his eyes unflinchingly raised to the phenomenon before him. On a following page his staff, thrown down, becomes a large and intimidating white dragon; and later, still young and handsome and still wearing his scarlet hose, he is shown communing with God in the midst of a neat hilly landscape, with victims of one of the plagues, both man and beast, piled in the foreground: and so on, presented serially as are the stories of the other biblical figures, all his adventures with his recalcitrant host of Israelites on their journey to the Promised Land.

The Nativity is presented with detail both poetic and homely as are other New Testament scenes; and Jesus is baptized by John the Baptist in a swiftly running river alive with ducks, while two charming angels hold green and white towels at the side, and God the Father, in blue and gold, hovers in blessing above the strangely truncated hills.

Everywhere there are enchanting details: fruits, flowers, golden acorns, minute insects, peacock's feathers, nimble rabbits, dainty white doves with coral bills and feet.

Diminutive figures play their parts with vivacity and dramatic force. Noble castles and temples rise unexpectedly in the midst of nomad peoples. Minute churches, richly turreted, perch upon the sparse branches of beflowered trees, and hermits, devoutly absorbed in microscopic books, nest, with their tiny shelters, in the forks of the branches.

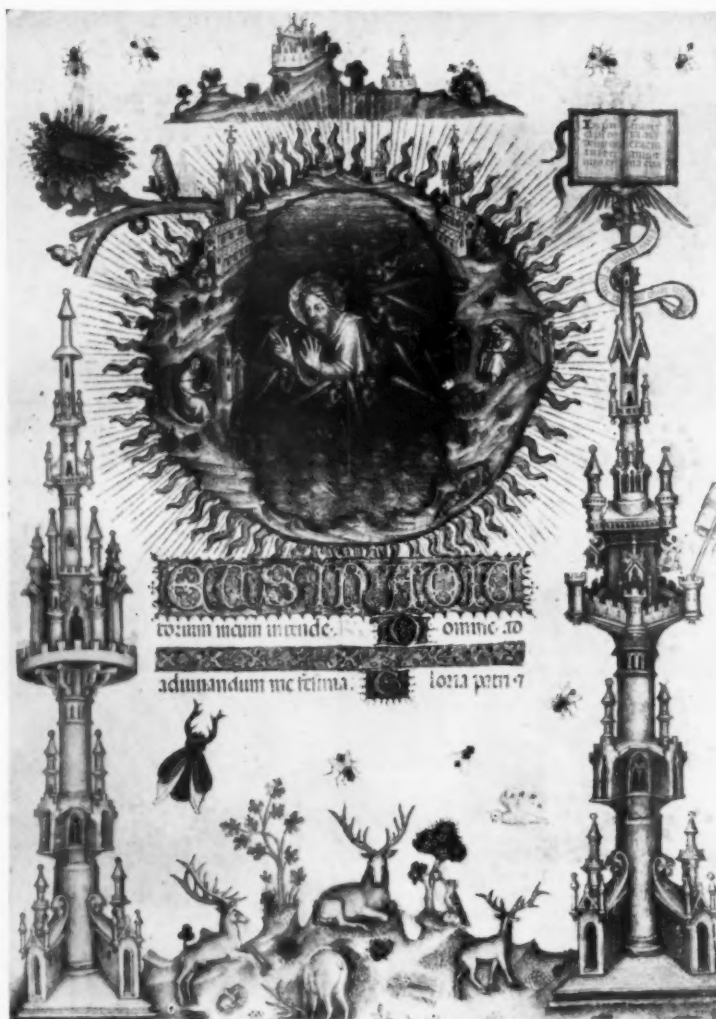
In the ingenuous and sublime imagination of the painter all things are possible, nothing improbable. Groups of angels, . . . scarlet, rose-pink, green, azure, violet . . . close-set like the petals of a dahlia, chant jubilantly, poised on clouds of gold. White birds swim buoyantly amidst the turmoil of drowning Egyptians in the Red Sea, churches grow upon fruit trees as do apples, and holy men perch and dwell there as naturally as blackbird or thrush.

The first page reproduced here represents Noah, with a scarlet cap, blue robe and full white sleeves, switch in hand, shepherding the animals and birds of every sort into the Ark.

The second picture is a gloriously dramatic painting, aglow like a jewel, representing the pursuing Egyptians being swallowed up in the surging waters, as the Israelites emerge on dry land, and the third shows Joseph as a small fat child in a blue frock.

Everything—the script of the closely-written pages, their small insets of embossed and burnished gold, diminutive flowers and marginal ornaments, the rich and splendid pictures, the birds, animals, flowers, insects which stray across the pages—manifests the reverent and affectionate observation of natural phenomena. Even the flies are not disdained but, when scattered decoratively over the vellum surface, are drawn with that same fond patience, that noble sense of their importance, characteristic of true artists, to whom no object is appraised as merely great or small, but each as wonderful or lovely in its own order of being.

Five hundred and two years have passed since Filippo Maria last, in 1447, devoutly turned the pages of his *Uffiziolo*, his eyes, as he prayed and praised, doubtless gratified by the jewel-like richness of gold and colour, the wealth of lively detail, as well as



A richly varied page, flanked by architectonic structures, four stags with branching horns, rabbits on a grassy upland, insects delicately drawn and disproportionately sized and a woodpecker at a tree but twice its height. Above, God the Father, in blue, surrounded by Seraphim, in a blue sky, blesses meditating hermits, each outside his diminutive dwelling, in a green oasis edged with tongues of fire.

edified by the holy images and words. Five centuries is a long time for a small book, its owner dead, to wander the world and survive. But here, after all vicissitudes, it is in a safe haven, returned again to the country of its origin where the imaginative minds and patience of the gifted artists created the work with no conception that their exquisite artistry would win the admiration of generations of art lovers so distant from their own times; and in the National Library in Florence all who will may enjoy it as did the de' Grassi, father and son, and the other artists who produced it, and Filippo Maria, and his father Gian Galeazzo before him, all those centuries ago.

¹Uffiziolo—matins with prayers to the Madonna, or the prayer book then used. (An Italian Dictionary by Alfred Hoare, M.A., Cambridge University Press. Second Edition; 1925.)

²For information respecting this codex I am chiefly indebted to that valuable work, *La Pittura e la Miniatura nella Lombardia dai più antichi monumenti alla metà del Quattrocento* by Professor Pietro Toesca (Ulrico Hoepli, Milan, 1912), and quoted passages, unless otherwise indicated, are from that work.—D.N.L.

³and ⁴Toesca: *op. cit.*

COLLECTING CERAMICS

THE number of books, pamphlets, articles and studies in the transactions of learned societies concerned with practically every aspect of European ceramic art is so considerable that the more adventurous character who seeks a field of collecting with plenty of scope for speculation and discovery may well wonder whether the subject is not being over-worked, and whether he should turn to something else. However, two recent sales in London reminded me of at least two branches of ceramics collecting which still offer plenty of problems to those who study them.

The first sale, at Christie's, disposed of a collection of Meissen snuff-boxes. Now everyone knows that snuff-boxes were produced at Meissen and that they ranked amongst the most expensive items on the price-list of the Saxon factory. Furthermore, it is common knowledge that the other XVIIIth century German factories, such as Höchst, Nymphenburg, Frankenthal, Fulda and so on, also made and sold snuff-boxes and the similar objects known as "galantries." When one comes to the point of deciding in which factory any particular box was made, there are many problems to be faced; Meissen boxes were rarely, if ever, marked, and the other factories tended to omit the formality of a mark, for the excellent reason that their wares were often copied from those of the Saxon factory, and they hoped that their own productions would be accepted as those of Meissen. The collector is therefore bound to rely on his knowledge of the styles of painting adopted in the various factories. For the first half of the century, there is little fear of confusion, since apart from the Hausmaler, only the Meissen and Vienna factories were turning out snuff-boxes and their styles of ornament were sufficiently distinct to be recognised without difficulty. The Meissen figure subjects of the '50's and 60's, Watteau subjects, court life, battle and hunting scenes, painted with impeccable brushwork and brilliant colours, can also be identified with some certainty. But the popular ornament in the form of scattered flower sprays, introduced at Meissen but copied in all the German factories during the 1760's and 1770's, is often very difficult to place. Again there was, in the second half of the century, much competition between the various factories to enlist the most skilled painters; and it was by no means unusual for a decorator of porcelain to go from one factory to another as and when he got a better offer. This implies another problem in identification, and it may be necessary to make one's decision on the evidence of paste alone. This is particularly difficult during the latter part of the century, when most of the factories had succeeded in perfecting a pure white material. Porcelain boxes were evidently highly regarded, for they were often mounted in gold or silver, whereas the enamel snuff-boxes were usually equipped with frames of copper-gilt. From the collector's point of view—unless he happens to be of large means—the gold mounts are a nuisance, since they increase the price of a box without actually enhancing its merits as a collector's piece.

According to the text books, only the most skilled decorators in the porcelain factories were employed on painting snuff-boxes. Actually the collector often gets more than a superb example of porcelain painting when he purchases a snuff-box, for it was the custom to paint the interior of the lid with a miniature portrait, or, if the box was intended for a gentleman of waggish disposition, with a semi-erotic or pornographic subject (more politely known as a *scène galante*). The miniature portraits were not always of so high a standard of painting as the subjects decorating the exterior, and it has been suggested that they were probably added later by some local enameller working to the special commission of the owner of the box. The erotic subjects are usually rendered with spirit and an unflagging love of detail, but many of them have fallen victim to the depredations of some puritanically minded collector, presumably in the last century. Such boxes were usually equipped with a double lid, on the inner face of which the *scène galante* was depicted. This inner lid was only secured by a hinge and a pin, and could easily be removed by anyone whose predominant motive in collecting happened to be the acquisition of a group of objects which might serve as an elevating and inspiring subject of study for the young and pure of heart. Such is the passion aroused in the godly that I have seen boxes which have been purposely defaced in order to efface the detail of a scene that could not otherwise be removed from the box.

The second subject of collecting, suggested by a recent sale at Sotheby's, is the so-called "Hausmaler decorated" porcelain. The Hausmaler or independent decorator was an active and significant force in German ceramic art between about 1720 and the early years

of the second half of the XVIIIth century. The establishment of numerous other porcelain factories, both inside and outside Germany, which competed directly with Meissen not only led to the eventual decline of the Saxon factory but also robbed the Hausmaler of the possibility of making a living. No single one of the numerous Hausmaler working in Germany can be said consistently to have maintained a standard of decoration of the class which was taken for granted at Meissen or Vienna. Their work is interesting because they achieved a variety which one does not find in the productions of the large factories. It was inevitable that the management of a large undertaking should concentrate on producing in bulk those patterns which found the most ready sale. The Hausmaler, on the other hand, was often working to the commission of the eventual user of the service he was decorating, and his work was therefore marked by a more individual character.

Another, at first mystifying, feature of Hausmaler decorated porcelain is the variety of the material they used. Though the Hausmaler would doubtless have preferred to have stuck to porcelain of the same origin and of known reaction in the kiln, he had in fact to be satisfied with whatever he could get in the way of white porcelain. The directors of the Meissen factory always tried to prevent supplies of undecorated porcelain reaching these independent decorators, and they were lucky if they even got reject Meissen. The Vienna factory was more accommodating as far as the Hausmaler were concerned and certainly supplied both Ignaz Bottenbruber of Breslau and the Preissler workshop, which was also in Silesia. Often the Hausmaler were forced to make use of low quality Chinese porcelain imported in the white via Holland. However, the difficulties of the Hausmaler add to the interest of their wares as a collectible. Furthermore, Chinese decorators in China copied some of the Schwarzlot designs of the Preissler workshop which were themselves executed on porcelain of Chinese origin, thus producing real tests of skill in recognition for the collector.

The great two-volume work of the former director of the Stuttgart Kunstgewerbe Museum, Pazaurek, on the subject of the German Hausmaler, which is unfortunately excessively rare in England, provided a general system of grouping. More recently, however, the very existence of a school of Hausmaler, that of Saxony, to which he devoted a whole chapter, has been questioned, and it has been very cogently pointed out that there can have been little scope for them in Saxony, where the Meissen factory enjoyed the most complete State protection and produced a quality of porcelain which has never been rivalled.

The main centres of the Hausmaler were the cities of Breslau, Vienna, Augsburg, Bayreuth and Pressnitz in Bohemia, but there are many pieces which fall outside the types associated with these places. Amongst the problems which still await a convincing solution is that of the exact relationship between the workshop of F. J. Ferner and that of F. F. Mayer of Pressnitz, between whose productions it is often very difficult to distinguish with certainty; the nature of Vienna Hausmalerei, which is still hopelessly confused with porcelain decorated in Du Paquier's factory; and the difference between Dannhöfer decorated Vienna porcelain and the porcelain he decorated in Bayreuth as a Hausmaler after he had left the Vienna factory. Finally, some of the Meissen porcelain decorated in Holland with thick enamel colours, recalling the colours of Chinese export porcelain, is by no means easy to distinguish from the earliest factory decorated pieces.

There is one fairly reliable touchstone for recognising a piece of porcelain decorated outside the Meissen factory, namely, the quality of the potting and glaze. The factory maintained an extremely high standard and in no circumstances were imperfect pieces decorated. These were probably supposed to be destroyed, but in fact a certain amount did reach the Hausmaler. If one examines a Hausmaler decorated piece it is nearly always the case that the paste is discoloured, the glaze spotted or cracked, or the shape spoilt in the firing.

Hausmaler porcelain is distinctly rare, with the one exception of the services decorated with gold chinoiserie in the Seuter workshop at Augsburg, which are so numerous that it was formerly thought that they must have been produced in the factory.

There are a few London dealers who specialise in these interesting pieces; one of them recently contributed a survey of the subject to the journal of the "Freunde der Schweizerischen Keramik." London is probably about the best hunting-ground there is for them, and the Museum collections, especially the Franks Collection in the British Museum, are rich in examples for study. Moreover they are still in London a sufficiently little known topic for the collector to have a fair chance of making important finds.

M.A.Q.

Chelsea Porcelain in the Cecil Higgins Museum, Bedford

BY M. A. PALMER

IT would seem probable that when Mr. Cecil Higgins formed his collection he had in mind the possibility of its eventual exhibition in a public museum, for to describe it adequately would almost result in the writing of a text-book on some classes of ceramics, one of which would certainly be Chelsea porcelain. It is, therefore, not easy to present a survey of this factory as represented in the ninety-odd pieces in the Cecil Higgins Collection, which will convey more than might be gained from, say, turning over the pages of the Schreiber Catalogue.

The Chelsea section is primarily a representative one, at least in the triangle, raised and red-anchor periods, for Cecil Higgins did not collect the more showy kinds of gold-anchor wares. In fact, the gold-anchor period is poorly represented from the point of view of the collector who is interested in expensive-looking pieces. I think, however, that the balance is just; it is not simply because red-anchor Chelsea was more fashionable at the time that Cecil Higgins collected, that he concentrated on this period, but because it contained some of the finest things in English porcelain. Certainly the red-anchor Chelsea figures are by far the best pieces amongst his English

porcelain; but the comparatively few gold-anchor pieces are fine enough to be the making of a wall-case devoted to Chelsea in the most prominent position in the museum, near the entrance. In fact, one of the most remarkable aspects of Cecil Higgins's collection is the way in which the pieces he collected group themselves so successfully from the point of view of display. The gold-anchor section could so easily have killed the rest of the Chelsea pieces and created an unbalanced impression of the factory as a whole. As it is, one may, I think, appreciate each type on its own merits.

In view of the general high level of the collection it has seemed best, therefore, while indicating the general scope of each section, to draw attention to the pieces of outstanding quality and to those less frequently met with.

MARKED PIECES (TRIANGLE AND RAISED ANCHOR)

There are five marked triangle pieces, and they comprise fairly well-known models: two goat-and-bee jugs (one white and one coloured), a white silver-pattern coffee-pot, a white silver-pattern fluted milk jug with strawberries in relief round the base and flower

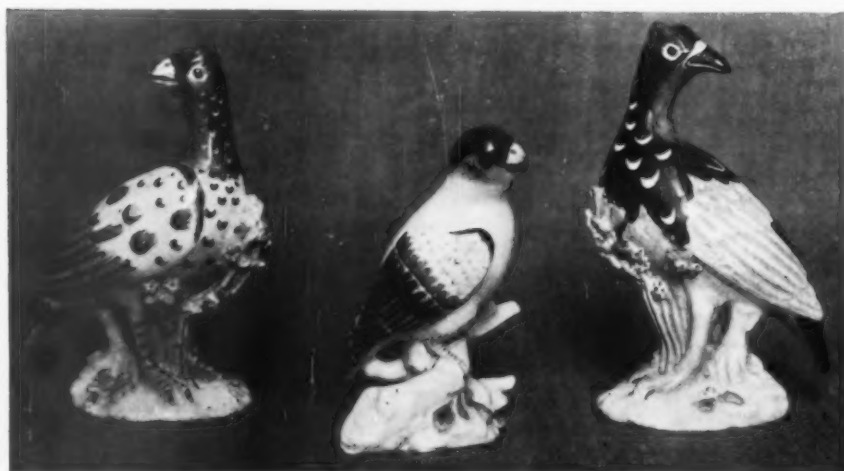


Fig. I.
PARROT. Height, 5 in. Mark :
Raised anchor on side of base.
No. 199.
PAIR OF WHITE PARTRIDGES.
No. 201. Height, 6 in. Mark :
Raised anchor at back of base.
No. 201A. Height, 6½ in.
Mark : Raised anchor out-
lined in red, at back of base.

Fig. II (below).
PAIR OF SHEEP AND PAIR OF
GOATS. Length, 4½ in. Marks :
(Sheep) Raised anchor out-
lined in red. (Goats) Raised
anchor ; both at back of base.
Nos. 202 and 202A respectively.
Cow. Length, 5 in. Mark :
Red anchor on front near base.
No. 244.
RAM. Length, 4 in. Mark :
Red anchor on top of base to
right. No. 245.

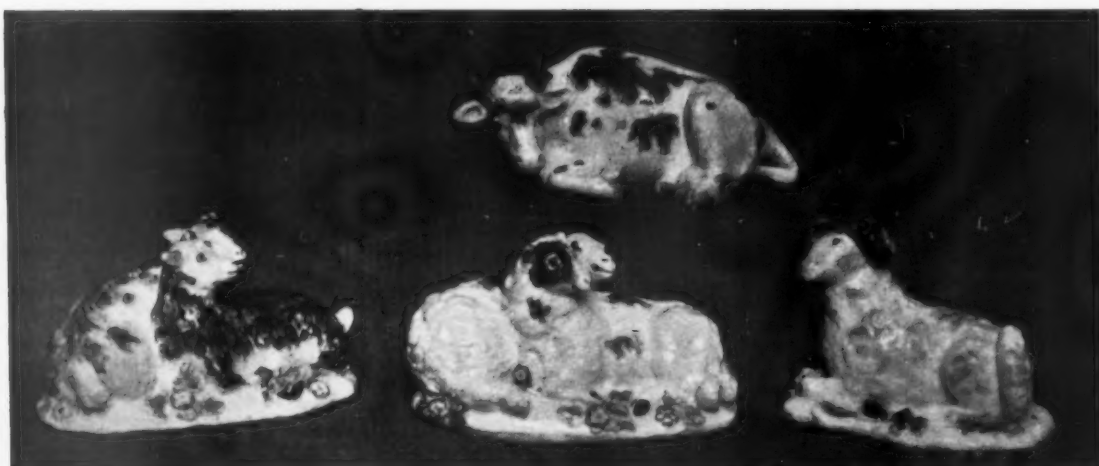




Fig. III. SWAN TUREEN AND DISH. Tureen : height, 14½ in. ; Dish : length, 20 in. Mark : Red anchor beneath base of swan and dish. Nos. 242 and 242A.

sprays at the junction of the handle, and a white sweetmeat dish formed of three shells. Two coloured "crayfish salts" are unmarked, and have early painting in fairly strong colours, one with the crayfish in black on a green base, and the other with the crayfish in naturalistic colours on a white base ; in both the shellwork on the base is picked out in naturalistic colours.

Three white pieces in the collection are marked with the raised anchor : a cup copied from Chinese Fukien porcelain, a Sphinx, and the famous Nurse from the Avon faience model. The unmarked raised-anchor pieces also include a Fable cup and saucer, with the Fox and the Goat, and the Fox and Sow respectively, and an octagonal Kakiyemon cup and saucer. The Fox and Goat Fable picture was recognised by Dr. Bellamy Gardner as copied from an engraving in John Ogilby's *The Fables of Aesop Paraphrased in Verse*, printed in 1651 ; it is No. 58 in Ogilby's work, and Dr. Gardner illustrates a cup in Vol. II of the *Transactions of the English Ceramic Circle* (1934), Plate VIII, in which the copying is almost exact, with the Fox standing on the Goat's horns. In the Higgins example the position of the Fox is slightly different : he has jumped off the Goat's horns, and is depicted standing by the side of the well.

BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

The most individual characteristic of the Higgins Collection of Chelsea is the collector's partiality for the figures of birds and animals at which Chelsea excelled. There are examples of most of the well-known types of birds listed in the Chelsea catalogues, but before mentioning them we may note the very rare parrot illustrated in Fig. I. This is beautifully coloured with a most attractive combination of red, blue, and mauve on the wings. The two white partridges in the same photograph are less uncommon, but none the less fine. All three are marked with the raised anchor, outlined in red in the case of the partridges. Also marked with the red raised anchor are the sheep in Fig. II, the goats having the plain raised-anchor mark. The ram and the cow in the same plate have ordinary red-anchor marks, and the cow is a particularly pleasing example of naturalistic rendering in porcelain.

The red-anchor bird tureens include the fine Swan tureen (Fig. III), on a dish with a moulded rim, painted with flowers. The base of the swan has a long fire-crack inside, completely painted over

with two leaves forming part of a spray. Both dish and tureen have red-anchor marks on the base. There are also two crested duck tureens and two drake tureens (all unmarked) ; one of the former is shown in Fig. IV, together with smaller tureens shaped as a crested duck and a partridge. Another small crested duck tureen is covered with mauve markings and has the number "60" in red inside the lid and also inside the base, while two white examples (including that illustrated) have the numbers "27" and "32" and red-anchor marks inside the base, and the numbers alone inside the lids. All the above except the Swan and the small mauve duck are from the Paul Wallraf Collection. A pair of double pigeon tureens (unmarked), also from the Wallraf Collection, and a hen and chickens tureen of the type illustrated in Honey's *English Porcelain* complete this remarkably fine series.

It may be considered by ceramic purists that this kind of naturalism is outside the legitimate field of porcelain sculpture as an art. But I think the only answer to this theoretical and rather doctrinaire argument is that Chelsea succeeds here, as elsewhere, in transforming whatever it uses as a *motif* into something which transcends the purely realistic element of representation, because the material is never forced into doing something beyond its capabilities. Naturalism is not pursued as an end in itself. True, the Swan, for example, is something of a technical *tour-de-force* in porcelain, but we must concede that the beautiful quality of red-anchor paste and glaze are never for a moment lost sight of, but are used to create an object attractive in itself. Indeed the creamy whiteness of its surface is here deliberately and delightfully exploited as something particularly suitable for its subject, and in the case of the parrot and the white partridges there can certainly be no doubt as to the intrinsic artistic merit of the results.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

The collection includes examples of the large bust of George II and the small one of William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, usually ascribed to Chelsea, and a plate of the "brocaded Imari" pattern marked with the blue anchor. Two unmarked heart-shaped dishes are worth mentioning ; one has a yellow ground similar to that in the Schreiber Collection (No. 184) which is marked with the blue anchor ; the other has a "famille rose" pattern akin to the



Fig. IV.
PARTRIDGE TUREEN. No. 236. Length, 6½ in. Unmarked red-anchor period. DUCK TUREEN. No. 237. Length, 13½ in. Unmarked red-anchor period. DUCK TUREEN. No. 239A. Length, 7 in. Marks : Red anchor and "No. 27" inside base of tureen ; "No. 27" alone inside cover.

Fig. V. SEA-HORSE. Length, 10½ in. No. 243. Unmarked red-anchor period.

circular dish in the Herbert Allen Collection (No. 88), and is evidently an unusual piece.

FIGURES.

To select examples from the figures has proved an almost impossible task as so many of them are of the highest quality. Indeed it is not too much to say that the red-anchor figures are the finest single group in the whole of the Higgins Collection, with the exception of the Meissen figures. The lovely Crinoline Lady has already been illustrated by Mr. Honey in his *English Pottery and Porcelain*; the Madonna and Child with the globe is well known in other collections, as are the seated figures with baskets (King, *Chelsea Porcelain*, Plate 34), the standing negro and negress, and the River God and Goddess (King, Plates 35 and 36), both after Meissen originals. One of the most attractive figures is the seated Pierrot with pipe and drum, Lord Fisher's example of which is illustrated by King (Plate 31); but a lively seated violinist, a figure of a lady masquerading as a Nun, and the well-known Map-seller all claim our attention.

Perhaps the two most unusual pieces are the Sea-horse (Fig. V), and the Chinoiserie Group (Fig. VI), the latter with the red-anchor mark. This would appear to belong to the same type of group as that illustrated in colour by King (Plate 2), and is probably derived, too, from a print of the same kind (by J. J. Baléchon after Boucher). The sea-horse is one of a pair, of which the second has no cupid.

GOLD-ANCHOR PERIOD.

The later Chelsea figures in the Cecil Higgins Collection cannot compare in scope with the fine red-anchor series, but one or two pieces must be mentioned. The most striking are a pair of candle-

stick figures of musicians in arbour. Another pair of figures of a youth and a girl against bocage backgrounds, holding open baskets, have the initials "JM" in monogram, and "T" respectively incised on their bases, and a candlestick in the form of a brightly coloured cherry tree is an attractive example of its kind. A dancing figure of a "Masquerader" (of the type illustrated in the *Cheyne Book*, Plate 18, No. 251D) perhaps shows as well as any example the best qualities of the gold-anchor Chelsea figure, with its brilliant colouring and lively posture, and it is interesting to compare this with the more delicate colouring and softer modelling of the red-anchor figures, as typified in two seated Chinamen in the collection, or in the Crinoline Lady already referred to. All of these really



Fig. VI (below). CHINOISERIE GROUP. Height, 8½ in. No. 257. Mark: Red anchor at back of base.

Fig. VII (right). FIGURE REPRESENTING HEARING. Height, 15 in. Mark: Gold anchor at back. No. 268.



CHELSEA PORCELAIN IN THE CECIL HIGGINS MUSEUM

demand illustration, but must give place to those pieces not so commonly seen or easily referred to. Two of the gold-anchor figures in the Cecil Higgins Collection which must be included on these grounds are the large marked figure representing Hearing, shown in Fig. VII, which is quite rare, and the small figure of a Chinaman (Fig. VIII) also marked, which is even scarcer. Unfortunately the end of the implement over his shoulder appears to have been broken off, so that there is no further clue as to his occupation. He has a peculiar heavy pigtail not visible in the photograph.

Chelsea has the distinction of being perhaps the most successful of English factories in copying the products of Continental establishments. From Meissen come many of the models, but not the inspiration, for a large number of Chelsea's most successful figures, as well as patterns for its useful wares. It is commonly admitted that the Chelsea treatment is so different that a new work of art in its own right emerges, using the soft paste (also derived from a foreign source—France) in a manner which emphasises its own peculiarly lovely qualities. These are often recognisable even in

illustrate this. They are comparatively restrained examples, with forms obviously derived from Sèvres, but they have their own quite distinct charm. With Chelsea, even with gold-anchor Chelsea, the brilliant Sèvres combination of delicacy and royal magnificence would seem out of place, and even in such splendid Chelsea pieces as the Dudley vases one feels that an English adaptation of Rococo has been created, and that the initial impulse from France merely served as a point of departure for a new aesthetic adventure. Rococo was, in any case, somewhat old-fashioned in France at this time, and had the object of the Chelsea artists been merely to echo the *dernier cri* from abroad, we should doubtless have had a pallid imitation of neo-classicism in place of the richness of gold anchor. As it was, it was left to Derby to inject this new blood into Chelsea's veins, and thereby to transform both Chelsea and neo-classicism, producing in Chelsea-Derby something simpler, more sentimental, and less sophisticated than French neo-classicism. A similar difference is, I think, observable between French and English Rococo. The painting on the vase and bowls here illustrated shows none of the fine elegance of the Sèvres artists; it is naive, but it is not



Fig. VIII.
FIGURE OF A CHINAMAN. Height, 4½ in. Mark: Gold anchor on bottom of tree-stump to right. No. 269.



Fig. IX.
TWO BOWLS AND A VASE. Decorated with pastoral scenes, mazarine blue ground and gilding. Height: (Bowls) 3½ in. (Vase) 11½ in. Mark: (on bowls) Gold anchor on base. Nos. 260 and 260A (bowls); 261 (vase).

photographs. Chelsea adapted Meissen in this way to its own uses and used pale touches of colour where Meissen had employed strong washes, and quiet poses in soft modelling instead of sharply accentuated edges and poses full of vitality and movement. The Chelsea Crinoline Lady and the seated Chinaman mentioned above exemplify this. But it is interesting to note that in the Masquerader already referred to, made in the gold-anchor period, when Meissen influence was on the decline, the lively posture and strong colouring come nearest to reminding us of a Meissen figure—as near, that is, as the rich soft-paste gold-anchor porcelain ever comes to suggesting the brilliance of Meissen hard-paste. For when the influence of the German factory waned and that of Sèvres became predominant, Chelsea had evolved a paste and glaze of a peculiar richness, quite distinct from that of soft-paste French, or indeed any other porcelain at all. Gold-anchor Chelsea is amongst the most easily recognisable of all porcelains. So in its adaptation of Sèvres motifs Chelsea again created something quite new. The *gros-bleu* ground with gilding of Vincennes and Sèvres might very well be considered inimitable, but Chelsea produced in its "Mazarine" blue a ground as fine as the French. The resulting wares, however, even in their most extravagant Rococo flights of fancy, could never be mistaken for the products of Sèvres. I think the three pieces in Fig. IX

incongruous. That the artists responsible could so preserve their own sense of style in the face of the tremendous influences to which they were subjected is a minor triumph of artistic integrity.

It will be fitting after this digression upon foreign influences to close by mentioning the products of Chelsea which were at once most French in feeling and, probably for that reason, also most popular abroad—the Chelsea "Toys." There are eight of these in the Cecil Higgins Collection, two of them with French inscriptions, namely a patch-box inscribed *La plus Belle vous est due*, and a needle-case inscribed *L'Amour nous unit*. Both these are gold-anchor pieces with fairly elaborate gilding, and are illustrated in Bryant's *Chelsea Porcelain Toys* (Plate 53, Fig. 3, and Plate 49, Fig. 2, respectively). Tulip and dove-cote scent-bottles (Bryant, Plate 12, Fig. 5, and Plate 19, Fig. 4) and a bonbonnière formed as a kneeling camel with two panniers containing lambs (Bryant, Plate 49, Fig. 3) are all of about 1760, as is a bonbonnière cover in the form of a Harlequin's head, like that illustrated in King (Plate 46, Fig. 1). Perhaps the finest is the bonbonnière shaped as a man's turbaned head (cf. Schreiber, No. 274, Plate 24) which has a lid of Meissen porcelain.

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PAINTERS OF THE DOMESTIC SCENE IN XVIIth CENTURY HOLLAND

BY F. M. GODFREY

DURING the years of Holland's liberation from the Spanish yoke, when her fighting spirit was matched by her artistic fecundity, painters were born "everywhere and all at once." But the heroic age of the Dutch is hardly recorded in their painting. Artists remained sublimely indifferent to their great contemporary history and turned instead to paint the portrait of Holland, its flat, water-ridden countryside, its sea and its sky, its bourgeois houses and interiors, its coarse and its refined way of living.

In the technical field they discovered the mysterious alchemy of tone-values and the quality of chiaroscuro, or the art of detaching strongly lit bodies from an aura of surrounding darkness. No longer moved by sacred or classical subjects, the Dutch genius found enough colour and movement in the primitive, hardly-humanised lives of the peasant class, and indulged in the invention of a new realism where selective design vied with the truthfulness of bodily form and of material texture. Others went to explore the air and the light, diffused light filling the room with its warm, golden radiance, or cool white beams with their grey transparent shadows.

It is as if the Dutch had been hibernating during the age of the Renaissance and were now awakening to the discovery of the world and of man. That it was their own individual world, humorous and whimsical, or matter-of-fact, sober and protestant, now riotous and exuberant, now spotless and domesticated, or luxurious and precious, only adds to our enjoyment of its multi-coloured variety.

It is customary to speak of Rembrandt and Rubens in one breath. But the real complement to Rembrandt is Jan Steen, as far-reaching and expansive as Rembrandt is self-searching and profound. Steen has not always received his due. His circumference is enormous, his invention unbounded, his laughter unquenchable. He is a humorist nearly always, a satirist on occasion, didactic sometimes, of inexhaustible *joie de vivre*, brimful with energies that will out by way of continuous feasting and warm-hearted jesting. "Health, the gratification of the senses and exuberance; these are the three objects he glorified. He felt at ease with women and wine; as a man he grabbed at skirt and tankard" (Schmidt Degener).

He was a superb draughtsman of figure composition and significant gesture. A native of Leiden, he lived in the provinces all his life—Delft, Haarlem, The Hague—shunning metropolitan Amsterdam. Universal in appetite and taste, he took from all his contemporaries what best became his palette. He is indebted to Frans Hals, to Brouwer, Ostade, Van Goyen who became his father-in-law,



JAN STEEN (1626-1679).
(De Dansles) The Dancing Lesson.

and many others. He painted in many styles without impeding his own. He has been likened to Molière and to Shakespeare,

the lighter Shakespeare and the more farcical Molière. He was indeed a comedian and story-teller; he points no moral, he preaches no doctrine, except that of unending and carefree merriment and of *carpe diem*.

Propelled by a surging wealth of pictorial ideas, a genius for figure-drawing, a mass of visual experience, he displayed on canvas "the gross pleasures and public excesses of peasant and burgher," their animal spirit and huge material enjoyments. But his *primum mobile* was in his own exuberance, his infectious gaiety and unabashed sensuality, his sheer sense of joy, his optimism. There is in Steen a "dionysiac element" which he expressed in the coarse language of his own race and class, the tipsy revelries of his peasant Bacchanalia. We see him at his best when he paints carousings, when music heightens the feeling of general well-being, when red wine flows to the din of the bagpipes and resounding laughter.

Or when he painted children, their mischievous fun, their turbulent pranks; for his children are really small adults, sharing with them their *naïveté*, their great good humour and natural shamelessness. The abandonment to uproarious laughter in the little chap standing by the side of the table, the open-faced smile of the boy with the feather-cap are worthy progenies of the genius of Frans Hals for fixing the



JAN STEEN (1626-1679).
(De Kwakzalver) The Quack.

PAINTERS OF THE DOMESTIC SCENE IN HOLLAND

fugitive expression of a moment's merriment. In Steen the artist is often struggling with the narrator. But here a perfect balance has been attained; for while the little episode holds us enthralled by its movement and gaiety, all the artistic cunning has been lavished upon the girl with the flute, her fine abandoned posture, the pale gold and shining blue of her dress. Besides the principal group and the old man above, raising his voice unheeded in the din, the still life of lute, jug and napkin or the frying pan leaning against the chair, play an important rôle in the structural design of the piece.

If Steen is at his best in the intimate comedy of his small genre pictures, he has also the gift for covering large spaces of wall or canvas with epic descriptions of human folly. "The Quack" in the Rijksmuseum is a brilliant example. There, in the warm evening light under a mighty oak near the village church, the quack has performed his operation on the yelling egg-seller. Proudly, like the artist he is, he holds a bloodstained pebble up to admiring onlookers. The patient's agony, now left to the tender mercies of hag and jester, appears unmitigated. A dwarfish peasant-wife, cursing audibly, carting her drunkard husband in a wooden wheelbarrow, might come from Brueghel's satirical brush. The unending throng of hopeful invalids, so soon to be deceived, the pretty, ailing boy on his donkey, the pompous village mayor with the importunate friar, the whole medley, melancholy yet burlesque, move in the diffused afternoon light which envelops in a golden haze the buzzing noise of kermis or popular fair, where the monkey on his perch and the viol hanging up on a nail are heralds of even more riotous fun.

No keener contrast to Steen's explosive wit, his circumstantial "mise en scène," could be conceived than the slow artistic deliberation and impassivity of Vermeer van Delft. They move at opposite poles of the Dutch national character and temperament. Full-blooded, sanguinary, quick moving, dramatic: Jan Steen. Tranquil, select, melancholy, elegiac: Vermeer van Delft. To the multi-coloured world of the great humorist, Vermeer opposes the oriental delicacy of blue patterns upon a white background, his choice arrangements of pale yellow, silver grey and Delft blue. Even his human figures were only pictorial values in a universe of graded tones and vibrating light. He was above all a painters' painter, no narrator, no painter of genre but of still life, no interpreter of



VERMEER VAN DELFT (1632-1675).
(De Keukenmeid) The Cookmaid.

the human soul. He was an artist most highly susceptible to the mysterious alchemy of glosses which hide all traces of the brush

and to the inter-relationship of coloured objects with their shadows. "Faiencé de génie" he was called by his discoverer, Burger-Thoré, and A. B. de Vries speaks of him as having known moments of sense perception unfathomable to the ordinary mortal.

All this is true. And yet, on one occasion before he set out on his task of the highest spiritualisation that object painting has ever known, Vermeer painted a still life, almost a piece of genre which in its monumental grandeur and solidity and roundness of form anticipates and surpasses Chardin's work. Vermeer has painted no other picture of such powerful character and substance as "The Cookmaid" in the Rijksmuseum at Amsterdam. It is as if he wanted to show that in plastic modelling and spatial illusion and in the creamy richness of pigment he was inferior to none of his contemporaries. The picture is from 1658, before the change in his style took place which led to the last refinement of his artistry. But even the cookmaid is clothed in Vermeer's favourite colour harmony, wearing a yellow blouse and blue apron over a brick-red skirt. The tablecloth is green, but the principal colours recur in the still life utensils on the table. Loaf, jug and bodice of the girl are dotted with grains or spots of light, giving to the textures an unusual earthiness and substance.

Light plays caressingly on the white wall behind, throwing into strong relief the powerful frame of the girl who, sphinxlike and impassive, pours the creamy milk into the earthenware jug. So imposing is her presence as she stands in the centre of the picture-plane, that a



PIETER DE HOOCH (1629-1683).
(Bij de Linnenkast) At the Linen Cupboard (1663).

little footstove on the barren stone floor suffices to balance the composition. Vermeer's fame rests on the fascinating novelty of his design and on its perfect balance and equipoise. For he was utterly determined, in the words of Sir Charles Holmes, that all he did should be "fresh and spotless and serene." Vermeer's "Cookmaid" has become almost a symbol of rustic simplicity and all the other domestic virtues of the Dutch people.

From 1655 to 1662 the stately and prosperous city of Delft was the scene of the noble competition between Jan Vermeer and Pieter de Hooch. During those seven years de Hooch has created his best work. The art of painting daylight had been mastered before him by Gabriel Metsu of Leiden, only a few miles away, to whom he and Vermeer went for inspiration. The geometrical skill of design came to him from Carel Fabritius, their common master. But the play of light upon matter, the luminous glow of light falling upon objects painted in strong local colours, the specialisation on lofty interiors and homely courtyards became the province of Pieter de Hooch's inspired artistry. In the limited field of recording the new forms of civilised living in the burgher houses of united and pacified Holland, their inward contentment and happiness, Pieter de Hooch "has created a new beauty."

In our picture, "The Linen Cupboard," at the Rijksmuseum, diffused sunlight, falling in from invisible windows, picks up the main figures in the foreground, the pale red blouse of the girl holding the linen, her apron of golden tone over the blue embroidered skirt, foiled by the pure white and black of the mother's bodice, her crimson skirt, her pale blue apron. These colour harmonies are hard to convey by means of the word, but where the narrative is so simple, the characters so restrained, the action so static, it is to the coloured richness of sunlit objects that we must look as the cause of our exaltation, the very soul of the picture.

These princely tones of pale gold, rose and blue are set against the shining cupboard of light brown glosses, ornate with black intarsia, and from the golden brown of this corner to the dim half-light of the winding staircase the room is almost empty of accessories, except for the wicker basket and the child at her game. Along the cool tiles of the floor the eye is led upon the outer world, a Dutch canal, a dazzling street, looking in upon the peace and propriety inside. A classical symmetry rules in the room where the mullioned windows, the open doorway are framed by gilded pilasters, surmounted by pictures and a figure. Such symmetry is never dull, but graded and varied in size, from the alternating squares and rectangles of the floor to the geometrical qualities of all other objects and the line that descends from the Delft vase on the cupboard, dividing the picture space into triangular halves. Neither the mother nor the servant is the real subject of the picture, but the room itself, the inhabited space, the house in its measured proportion, its spacious design, its impeccable harmony.

How varied they are, these Dutch masters of genre, how every one has his own particular flair, his own particular field where he reaches perfection! Gerard Terborch was not a painter of interiors. His rooms are not full of air and of light as they are with de Hooch and Vermeer. This high-minded artist who chose for his domain the painting of the refined luxuries of the Dutch *haute bourgeoisie*, developed his noble style by dint of his own good breeding and strong personality. He had travelled far. He had seen Rome, London, Madrid; had admired Titian, Velazquez, van Dyck, painted the international diplomats at the Congress of Munster and followed the call of a Spanish Grandee to paint the portrait of King Philip IV. His education as an artist and as a man of the world had been universal. When he came home he looked at his countrymen from a level which was granted to no other Dutch painter. He became the portrayer of good society, of courtly elegance, of natural dignity. He painted people of noble leisure, slightly fatigued perhaps and "fin de siècle," endowed with a fastidious good taste for costly stuffs and rare materials, in an atmosphere of subdued splendour.

Neither the light of day nor the sound of its labours ever penetrates into these rooms where well-bred ladies write or receive



GERARD TERBORCH (1617-1681).

The letter.

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letters, play on stringed instruments or sip wine from delicate chalices, while listening to the entreaties of gallant cavaliers. Terborch knew well how to choose the moment when "there seems to be a pause in the action . . . the instant between question and answer or between two notes of music" (Holmes). From invisible source he directed the full central light upon his principal figures, leaving the rest of the room in sombre and impenetrable darkness, to bring out better resplendent silks and satins, the heavy folds of glittering damask, the pretty or languid faces of his actors and actresses in the painted play.

The studied elegance of the tall young lady in our picture is enhanced by the choice harmony of pearl-grey, blue and gold of her robe, falling as it does bell-shaped over her slender body. Dancing lights and shadows play on the silky texture and enliven her face with an almost impressionist flicker. There is hardly a story. The young girl appears to be reading a letter to the older seated woman who listens intently, while a wistful page, dressed in a darker blue, brings on a golden platter a golden jug, placing it lightly upon the sombre purple cloth of the table. All this is a pretext for the display of an almost casual ease of composition, an arrangement of figures and textures, prompted by an unspeakable subtlety of colour gradations. The crowning piece is the elaborate golden chandelier, suspended from the ceiling against the dark recesses of the room, with its crystal bowl reflecting the light from the window.

Such is the masterpiece of Terborch, connoisseur and society-painter *par excellence*, who instilled something of his own noblesse and grandeur into the bourgeois republic of Dutch painting.

No greater contrast to the royal art of Terborch could be imagined than the "world of almshouses" and pious old women which we find in the work of the most prominent Rembrandt-pupil,



NICOLAS MAES (1634-1693).
(Oude vrouw in gebed) Old woman in prayer.

Nicolas Maes. Genre painting was not for Rembrandt, except in the guise of biblical representation and Holy Families. But in his best work Maes combines the humanity of his master with his powerful language of form, a puritanical piety with an astonishing sense for the density and solidity of materials.

He painted above all the daily life of the lower classes. The old woman saying grace over her frugal meal (in the Rijksmuseum), her hands folded—wonderfully realised rheumatic old hands, as expressive in the modelling of every joint and limb as the blind furrowed face—is alone with her God in the barren cell which is her whole world. She has suffered much and patiently endured.

The simple objects on the table are painted with an utmost realisation of their sculptural form. Realism could go no further; and in the concentrated light that falls upon the figure, enveloping it with warm dark shadows, in the contrast of the brightly lit masses with the impenetrable darkness behind, the artist has attained an effect of extraordinary physical and emotional power. The strong chiaroscuro, the deep warm colouring, the delicacy of feeling, nearly approach the quality of Rembrandt. But the genre-character of the piece, the feats of the virtuoso, so much admired for their verisimilitude, the still-life objects on the table, the keys and funnel with their delicate highlights and shadow, they all hint that Maes will soon confine himself to illustrating the homely domestic life of the Dutch, without venturing into the metaphysical world of Rembrandt, his one-time master.

Such is the range of Dutch genre: portrayal of scenes from ordinary life as against the representation of heroic, religious or mythological subjects. The Dutch people, after a century of Spanish domination with its ensuing constraint, luxury and ceremonious gravity, reacted in no uncertain manner. With its peasant painters it became outrageously frank, even rude and unsavoury, in recording the popular pastimes of the lower orders. The field of genre and still-life painting offered tremendous scope for depicting the homely objects and surroundings—tavern, dairy and drawing-room—of the house-proud and prosperous Hollanders. Add to this the picture of the land, Koninck's river vistas, van Goyen's gnarled oaks and dreary steppes, the poetry of Ruysdael's solitary woodlands, think of the achievement in portraiture from Hals to Rembrandt, and the national style of Dutch art assumes universal significance.

SHAFTS FROM APOLLO'S BOW

35. Affectate Travellers

EARLY in the XVIIth century that delightful creator of *Characters*, Sir Thomas Overbury, drew one of "An Affectate Traveller" whose idiosyncrasy it was that he "preferred all countries before his own," a preference echoed, if I remember, by Channing, who satirically hailed "A friend of every country but his own." I sometimes feel that the species has now strayed—or overflowed—from tourism and politics to art and art criticism. Recently the Director of the National Gallery, broadcasting an apology for a modern sculptor in terms of unqualified enthusiasm, made sudden comparison with the work of Alfred Stevens.

"He sees everything through the eyes of Michelangelo or of some other artist of the Italian Renaissance; and so his sculptures are barely alive. They are plastic, they are three-dimensional; but they are half-dead."

He then turned to his modern, and, *hey presto*, vice becomes virtue. Look upon this picture, and on this:

"... studied in the British Museum the forms of primitive races. . . . It is in pre-Columbian carvings that you will find the origin of those queer masks . . . and there—much more important—you will find the prototype of the Reclining Figure. . . . The influence of the Aztec sculptors is clear enough in the early 'Recliners,' etc., etc."

The reprint of the broadcast was illustrated in *The Listener* with two Recliners—one Aztec, one Neo-plastic—who were, we presume, sisters under their skins. They both had a terrifying amount of form, and certainly the modern version had outdone her elder in concentrated primitiveness. This is not the place, however, to make odious comparisons. My interest is in the assertion that it is so wrong to go to Michelangelo and so supremely right to go to Mumbo-jumbo. Why should the Lorenzo Chapel inspiration render an artist "half-dead" whilst the British Museum gives him "universal, vital strength and spirit in the whole figure."

The subtle and deeply spiritual mind of Michelangelo, the apotheosis of the dual cultures of Christianity and classical humanism, does not seem to me to be one to be despised. Especially as Christianity and classical humanism are the mainsprings of our Western European and Anglo-Saxon culture. The Aztec culture, my authority assures me, "was marked by human sacrifices and other unspeakable horrors unapproached by any other religious system." One realises that this jolly unspoiled spirit "speaks to the condition" of our modern artists, for it is made clear that it is the spirit and not the mere formal qualities which attract.

"He does not admire Aztec carvings only for technical reasons.

He found in them a wildness of spirit akin to his own"

so that in his work there is

"a rather frightening intentness, as if this strange shape were dedicated to some unseen power."

This sort of thing began, I believe, when the same spirit was discovered in Negro masks, and Fitzroy Square indulged in an orgy of Mumbo-jumbo under the witch-doctorhood of Roger Fry. It had its first great triumph when Picasso, deciding that five ladies displaying their charms in a brothel at Avignon was an edifying subject for art, gave these famous "Demoiselles d'Avignon" negro masks as faces. This refined performance is now hailed as a turning point of European art. After that we needs must love the lowest when we see it; and the artists ransacked every cult in primitive Africa, Polynesia and Asia to discover something to imitate. The art critics trooped after Roger Fry in their enthusiasm for whatever was the latest discovery. Young men and women in Chelsea studios and Bloomsbury bed-sitting rooms chatted brightly of fertility rites, and the mantelshelves of the more sophisticated hostesses in Mayfair displayed pieces which amply illustrated the theme.

Let us agree that all this work possesses in its own right certain formal qualities as well as anthropological significance. I should have said that even these were rather crude ones, compared, say, to Botticelli's "Birth of Venus" or Michelangelo's figures in the Medici Chapel. What I cannot understand is why there should arise a cult for the imitation of these things by our contemporary artists. It may be wrong for Alfred Stevens to get his inspiration from a creative artist in our own cultural tradition, but I cannot see why it would be right for him to get it, also second-hand, from an artist in a culture infinitely lower, uglier, and to us of no significance. Nor why the Director of our National Gallery should so enthusiastically share this view, and defend it so vehemently in his broadcast.

INN SIGN-BOARDS

"Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain
Like faithful landmarks to the walking train."

IN the days before Gay wrote "Trivia" it was not only the custom for an inn to display a sign, but the law required it and enforced the regulations. Later on, in 1637, a new law was enacted that they should be placed closer to the walls or taken down completely during boisterous weather, when the swinging signs might endanger passers-by.

The usual emblems were crowns, lions and bells, but at the two extremes there were the ancient ale pole, garland or the bush, and the most elaborate signs portraying every known—and many unknown—beast and bird and fish.

In the *British Apollo* of 1710 a rhymester offered this information about signs:

"I'm amazed at the Signs
As I pass through the Town,
To see the odd mixture:
A Magpie and Crown,
The Whale and the Crow,
The Razor and Hen,
The Leg and Seven Stars,
The Axe and the Bottle,
The Tun and the Lute,
The Eagle and Child,
The Shovel and Boot."

The first painters of inn signs appear to have been a group of sign-painters who congregated in Harp Alley, Shoe Lane, London, but they were equalled in number by the coach-painters who also designed and executed the ornate panels of sedans and coaches.

Robert Dalton, Keeper of the Pictures to George III, Ralph Kirby, Drawing Master to George IV when Prince of Wales, Smirke, later an R.A., Thomas Wright of Liverpool, and Sir William Beechey, all went through the hard school of sign-painter apprenticeship, and many others whose work has disappeared in the passage of years; the writer in the *Spectator* of January 8th, 1743, would have served posterity better if he had named the artist and the craftsmen whose work prompted him

to record that "The other day, going down Ludgate Street, several people were gaping at a very splendid sign of Queen Elizabeth, which by far exceeded all the other signs in the street, the painter having shown a masterly judgment, and the carver and gilder much pomp and splendour. It looked rather like a capital picture in a gallery than a sign in the street."

Too few signs withstood buffetings of wind and rain, the summer sun, and winter's fogs and tempests, and we have to thank the prudent innkeeper or a discerning observer for preserving from the bonfire or the wood-worm the examples which remain with us on public or private walls and in collections.

Inn signs and coaching signs in private collections, whether painted by artists of repute or by painters unknown, probably abound in fair numbers; knowledge of them is scarce and access difficult, and any account of them is restricted.

A famous signboard which has survived is that attributed to William Hogarth, who died in 1764, and who has been called by some art historians "the first of the English painters," and which he painted for the "Man with a Load of Mischief" in Oxford Street, London. When the owner left the house and carried off the sign-board, the inn was renamed the "Primrose" and later the "Shamrock," when a tavern was rebuilt on the same site.

The painting is in oil on a panel and depicts a melancholy man bent under the weight of his wife, a magpie and a monkey, whilst around his neck is a chain joined by a padlock labelled "Wedlock." A glass of gin is poised in the hand of his mincing spouse; a jug marked "Fine Purl" stands before a house called "Cuckold's Fortune," and two cats are quarrelling above a sleeping pig, whose sty bears the words "She's as drunk as a sow." The caption reads "A monkey, a magpie and a wife; is the true Emblem of Strife," and elsewhere one can read that the sign was "drawn by experience" and "engraved by sorrow"; a typical example of Hogarth's pictorial lampooning of vice and folly at a time when the English way of life was so remote from our own. In Hogarth's "Gin Lane," "Beer Street" and the "March to Finchley," and other representations of his times, inn signs form part of the detail; in the last-named he included



HOGARTH. The "Man with a Load of Mischief." From the original in the possession of Miss S. Glossop.



IBBETSEN. Repainted sign with modern lettering at Troutbeck, Windermere.

INN SIGN-BOARDS



OLD CROME. "The Top Sawyer," Norwich. The painting on the reverse gives a side view of the sawyer.

the sign-board of the original "Adam and Eve" tavern on the Hampstead Road, when it had a tea-garden.

In the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette* of March 27th, 1891, appeared a reasonably well-founded claim that Sir Joshua Reynolds painted a sign for the "Fox and Bull" in Knightsbridge. The same report goes on to say that this inn stood near the Albert Gate of Hyde Park which was pulled down when the Knightsbridge Barracks were built in the early XIXth century. Suicide victims from the Serpentine were once taken to this house, and on one melancholy occasion the burden was the dripping corpse of Shelley's wife. This sign was lost when taken down in 1807.

In Yorkshire there is a fair reproduction of Sir Joshua's portrait of General Tarleton upon an inn of that name, and at the fishing inn in Derbyshire, the "Peacock" of Rowley, is a framed oil painting with the following inscription:

"Original signboard portrait from the Marquis of Granby at Derby. Painted on both sides about 1775. Copied from Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait at Windsor Castle. J. HIBBERSON."

J. Hibberson, on enquiry, proved to be the licensee of the inn in 1775. Whether he signed it as the copyist or to relate its derivation is unknown.

Discoveries in the past of rural inn signs painted by a wandering artistic genius in payment for beer and bread, may still inspire the optimist and may fortune favour his hopefulness.

George Morland, who could have reached great heights as an artist had he not declined to accept two important offers at the early age of eighteen and prefer the company of a rascal and later to drift into the life of a drunken libertine, selfish and unprincipled, is said to have painted signs for this reward; he provides some evidence of his liking for inns in his self portrait, sitting on the bench outside the Bell Inn, Charnwood Forest, in 1801.

Chroniclers credit him with the sign for the "Goat in Boots" in Fulham Road, London, which now displays a sculptured copy of Morland's work. The derivation of this is held by some authorities to be a play on the last two words of the Dutch lines, "Mercurius is der Goden Boode." If the picture has any mythical origin, inspiration was not derived from Mercury; the goat is rampant, holding a sword, drawn from the scabbard

at its side, and wearing spurred top boots.

Another of his rustic signs was the "British Tar" at Plymouth, showing a party of sailors carousing with some women.

Julius Caesar Ibbetson, a friend of Morland's, but who had the sense to break the friendship in time to preserve his health but not his fortune, whilst on a fishing holiday in the Lake District painted a sign for the "Mortal Man" at Troutbeck; a reprint of it is reproduced, showing the verse which is ascribed to an uncle of Hogarth's who lived locally.

David Cox, the artist "of the wind blown heaths," painted the sign for the "Royal Oak" at Bettws-y-Coed in Denbighshire. He painted this sign for the landlady in 1847 when staying at the inn, and came back later and retouched it from the top of a ladder. The sign shows Cromwellian troopers galloping past the Boscobel oak, and hidden in the rich dark foliage is Charles II, whose head can be seen if one knows where to look for it. The sign was taken down in 1861 and placed inside. When the licensee gave up the inn, the ownership of the valuable sign-board came into question, the legal award ultimately being made to the Freehold; the lettering on the frame shows the Baroness Willoughby de Eresby to be the Freeholder.

Another notable sign-board in Denbighshire was at the village of Llanverris. Richard Wilson, a neglected landscape artist in his own day—recognition of his talent has only recently become fashionable—was responsible for the painting for the "Loggerheads," and for a time Llanverris was known popularly as "Loggerheads." The sign showed two foolish-looking bucolic faces with the caption "We Three Loggerheads Be," the unsuspecting inquirer inviting the response that he makes up the trio. The portrait became extremely faded and was very badly restored.

J. F. Herring painted a dozen signs for various XIXth century inns in Doncaster, including a "White Lion" which was signed "painted by Herring." At Camberwell, London, he was credited with a "Flying Dutchman," now superseded, and at the old



DAVID COX. "The Boscobel Oak" at the Royal Oak Hotel, Bettws-y-Coed.

"Windmill" on Clapham Common, his "Return from the Derby" depicted a host of his contemporary celebrities.

George Henry Harlow painted an unusual portrait of the back and front of Queen Charlotte upon a sign at Epsom. He executed it in the style of Sir Thomas Lawrence and signed it "T.L.": humour lost on Lawrence, who threatened to kick him down the street; Harlow protesting that he would choose a short one!

Mention of Lawrence recalls that his father was landlord of the "Bear" in Devizes, and was visited by Fanny Burney and Mrs. Thrale upon their way to Bath.

"Old" Crome, son of a publican, who was also a journeyman weaver, painted signs in his native city of Norwich. He was born on December 22nd, 1768, in a small public-house known as the Griffin Inn, where the G.P.O. now stands, and at the age of twelve was apprenticed to a coach- and sign-painter; his former job was errand boy to Mr. Edward Rigley of Norwich. His best known sign is the "Top Sawyer," others well known being the "Three Cranes," the "Wherryman" and the "Man Loaded with Mischief"; the latter is much like Hogarth's version of the same subject.

The "Top Sawyer" is now in the possession of Steward and Patterson, and the "Man Loaded with Mischief" Messrs. Bullards have. Old Crome is reputed to have painted the "Jolly Sailor" at Yarmouth, in which a colourful tar wears bright blue jacket, long boots and a nautical cap. Crome at thirty-five was ready to accept £1 is. for painting the "Lame Dog," 18/- for writing and gilding board of "Ye Lamb," and 5/- for writing and gilding name on "Ye Maid's Head." On his death-bed he conjured his son: "John, my boy, paint, but paint for fame: and if your subject be only a pig-sty—dignify it."

The illustrator of numerous Dickens' novels, Marcus Stone, painted an original sign for the "Miller of Mansfield" at Goring; the whereabouts of the original is unknown, the sign now displayed shows a cheerful miller drinking at a table with a king.

Two artists of the early XIXth century each painted a side of the sign-board for the "George and Dragon" at Wargrave. G. D. Leslie produced the familiar St. George spearing the Dragon; J. E. Hodgson, his companion, completed his in two hours and pictured the vanquished dragon with the victor calmly emptying a tankard of ale. This sign-board was found in a nearby boat-house with a gaping crack down the middle of the sign. A copy was painted for outside use, the original was restored and kept indoors.

G. D. Leslie also painted the "Row Barge" at Wallingford in Berkshire. The artist has here shown the Mayor's State Barge, rowed by six watermen, and bearing the Mayor of Wallingford in state accompanied by officials.

In more recent times for the "Swan," at Fittleworth in Sussex, Caton Woodville painted a sign showing a Queen of the Fairies



OLD CROME. The "Man Loaded with Mischief," Norwich.

upon the Swan's back, and a frog upon its tail holding up a lantern as they sail downstream. On the other side there is a frog riding in a pewter pot and smoking a churchwarden pipe. Where it is now is not known.

John Kay, who sold his caricatures and etchings in a Glasgow shop, produced a variation of the inn sign, the "Five Alls," often seen in the West Country, in a print showing:

Dr. Hunter, a Scots	
Clergyman.	I pray for all.
Erskine, the lawyer.	I plead for all.
King George III.	I fight for all.
A Farmer.	I maintain all.
The Devil.	I take all.

The oft repeated story of the "Haycock" sign at Wansford, Northamptonshire, is clearly shown in the illustration we reproduce.

Of the "Swan" at Grasmere, painted by the landlord himself, William Wordsworth wrote:

"Who does not know the famous Swan,
Object uncouth, and yet our boast,
For it was painted by the host.
His own conceit the figure planned,
'Twas coloured all by his own hand."

Byron wrote on the need for changing signs to suit the politics of the day, and so did Lord Macaulay, Horace Walpole and Oliver Goldsmith. John Taylor, a patriotic poet of the XVIIth century, was compelled to change his sign from the "Mourning Crown," referring to Charles II, and hung instead the "Poet's Head" with this inscription:

"There is many a head hangs for a sign,
Then, gentle reader, why not mine?"
W. J. PHILPOTT.



ARTIST UNKNOWN. Reproduced from an old original painting at the Haycock Hotel: the lettering is obviously modern.

MEDIAEVAL PEWTER SPOONS

BY NORMAN GASK

MEDIAEVAL English pewter spoons, by one of the curious paradoxes of collecting, are, in general, considerably rarer even than their scarce silver prototypes of the same period. Comparatively few have survived.

The pewter examples resemble closely in shape, size and design, their rich silver relations and are often of fine workmanship, some, indeed, little masterpieces of the ancient pewterer's art. They

have an enthusiastic following, particularly among pewter collectors.

When made in the far-off days of the Middle Ages they were hailed by those lucky enough to acquire them as a marked improvement on the horn, bone and wooden spoons of the period; a number were employed for church purposes.

All the famous types of mediaeval silver spoons—which were reserved for nobles and the wealthy—were also made in pewter.

Fig. I. Diamond-point, 6½ ins., unmarked.

Fig. II. Acorn-head, 6½ ins., c. 1450; mark, small Gothic "S" within a rectangle.

Fig. III. Hexagonal- or six-sided knop, 6½ ins., c. 1500; mark, a swan above N.B. all within a circle of pellets.

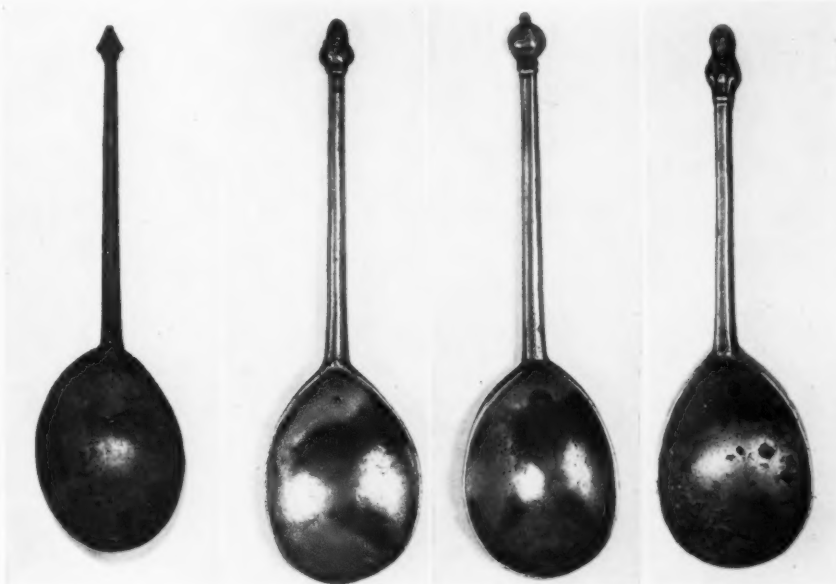
Fig. IV. Maidenhead, 6½ ins., c. 1500. *Ex A. B. Yeates Collection.* Maker's mark, a rose slipped and leaved within a beaded circle.

(Below)

Fig. V. Horned-head-dress, 6½ ins., c. 1430.

Fig. VI. Knopped with a lion statant in profile, XVth cent.; unmarked.

Fig. VII. Small wrythen knop, 5½ ins. Late XVth century. Mark: Fleur-de-lys within a beaded circle.



A possible exception is the variety knopped with a Woodwose, or Wild Man, which I have still to see in the humbler metal. The pewter specimens bear only one mark—the maker's—which is punched in the bowl; sometimes, indeed, there is no mark at all, so that the dates, like those of the early XVth century silver ones, can only be approximated.

Thrown on the dust-heap with changing fashions in olden times, or when broken or otherwise damaged, flung into plague-pits, for fear of contamination, during London's periodic visitations of the Pestilence, forming part of the *débris*, afterwards built upon, of the Great Fire of 1666; slipped accidentally beneath the flooring of old rooms and cupboards, dropped overboard into Thames River by sailors in passing ships or by careless housewives living in the houses which lined Old London Bridge, the majority have been found during London building excavations and demolitions or fished from Thames mud.

One veteran dealer recalls that as recently as the latter part of the XIXth century he was wont to obtain a fair supply of old pewter spoons off Waterloo Bridge by commissioning the "mudlarks" who frequented the river there, encouraging the lads by the offer of two shillings for every old spoon they retrieved. Most of the pewter spoons now seen in public or private collections bear unmistakable evidence of their long burial.

Those dug up, if left in the original condition in which they were unearthed, often display lovely patinas of green, gray, black, brown, tawny bronze or iridescent purple, due to the action of chemicals in the soil through the centuries of burial.

Two of the earliest varieties of mediaeval pewter, as of mediaeval silver, spoons are the diamond-point and acorn-head which were made from about the middle of the XIVth century, right through the XVth and even into the early part of the XVIth century.

Like most of the surviving pewter and silver diamond-points, Fig. I is unmarked, but another in the same collection is that double rarity, an example with a maker's mark, in this case a crowned rose within a shield.

The front of bowl and stem of Fig. II have been carefully cleaned, as is the practice of some modern collectors, without damaging the old surface, but the rest of the spoon, including the knob, is patinated an iridescent purple. A former owner's initial "W" visible in the bowl, is, as often noticed, of considerably later date than the spoon.

Fig. III is one of the handsomest of all the pewter types. This variety was a favourite in the late XVth and early XVIth centuries, judging by the number that have survived. Few silver examples are in existence.

The deep corrosion in the bowl of Fig. IV, due to long burial, should be noted.

Fig. V shows what is generally considered the rarest and most interesting of all the mediaeval pewter spoons. This is the famous horned-head-dress, so called because it is knopped with the head and bust of a woman of fashion wearing the crescent, or horned, head-dress of the days of Henry V and Henry VI. This type of head-dress has been immortalised in mediaeval illuminated manuscripts and paintings such as Quentin Matsys' so-called "Ugly Duchess." It was Anne of Bohemia, the wife of Richard II, who is said to have introduced the original form of the woman's horned head-dress into England in the closing years of the XIVth century. One description of the original head-dress is that of a hat with two cardboard horns, a ft. high and a ft. broad, covered with gold and silver lace and sewn with pearls.

The example illustrated has a thin gray-green patina in the bowl, and dark-brown on the stem and front of the knob, with yellow scale inside the horns and at the back of the knob. Like most of the surviving pewter horned-head-dress examples, it is unmarked but a few of this variety bear makers' marks. The only silver specimen known was in the Sir Charles Jackson collection. It also was unmarked.

Fig. VI shows one of the outstanding pewter spoons from the W. F. Pavyer Collection dispersed at Sotheby's in 1931, and previously shown at the Burlington Fine Arts Exhibition of Heraldic Art.

The bowl in Fig. VII is dark gray and the stem and knob dark purple. A remarkable example of this variety in Guildhall Museum has not only a wrythen knob but a wrythen, or twisted, stem, like a stick of old-fashioned barley-sugar.

The most varied collection of old English pewter spoons of the XVth and subsequent centuries is probably that housed in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The British, Guildhall and London Museums also have good collections and there are a few in the Ashmolean Museum.

GEORGE H., the Toy-maker

BY REGINALD G. HAGGAR

"AN Old Potter," reminiscing of his childhood experiences in the hungry 'forties of the XIXth century, describes the small toy manufactory at which he was employed when he came out of the workhouse, the character of his employer, and the nature of his productions.¹ It should be possible, by collating his account with information derived from other sources, to identify this early Victorian figure-maker, and the mantelpiece ornaments which he made. "Old Potter" describes his employer as George H., or Geo. H. "The toy manufactory," which Geo. H. owned, "was a curiosity in structure and management. It was rusty and grim. As for form it might have been brought in cartloads from the broken-down cottages on the opposite side of the street. The workshops were neither square, nor round, nor oblong. They were a jumble of the oddest imaginable kind, and if there had been the ordinary number of workshops on an average-sized pot-works, placed as these were placed, it would have been impossible to have found the way in, and the way out. The one-cart road went round a hovel nearby, and then dived under a twisted archway. Only about a dozen people were employed on this 'bank'." A poor sort of place it may have been, but life on this works was always pleasant. Geo. H. was "the president of a small republic of workers. All were equal in a sort of regulated inequality."

Geo. H. was apparently a stout little man with a finely moulded face and head, not unlike John Bull—a genial, kindly sort of person even in the days of his misfortune, for "Old Potter" assures us he had seen better days and formerly owned a fine factory in Tunstall, enjoyed "carolling" on his white horse in the streets of the town, or the company of the gentry at the

Highgate Inn. In his later days he was an industrious man, not afraid of working at the bench himself. He was evidently, too, a good if not a religious man, and his little workshops were entirely "free from those demoralising influences prevailing in much larger concerns." Moreover he was not embittered against the world or even the man who had wronged him and brought about his change of circumstances.

Who was Geo. H., the little toy-maker who, as "Old Potter" put it, glorified misfortune "by a quiet magnanimity"? Perhaps the early XIXth century directories afford us a clue. In 1822-1823² a George Hood is listed as an earthenware toy and figure manufacturer at Tunstall, his private address being Commercial Street, Burslem. Since the business is not mentioned in the directory for 1818 we may assume that George Hood started to make figures about 1820. The business evidently prospered, for according to Jewitt,³ he bought land off Randle Wilkinson to build a new factory in 1831 when he founded the Highgate Pottery, Tunstall. This agrees with "Old Potter," who says that originally Geo. H. was in "a large way of business." In 1834⁴ George Hood made Egyptian Black. The Highgate Inn at that time was kept by Jane Mullock. Although Jewitt does not record any failure in business on the part of George Hood, he says the factory was sold in 1846 to William Emberton,⁵ who carried it on himself until 1867 when it passed to the control of his sons. It was about this time (1846) or shortly after, that "Old Potter" went to work as a toy-maker for Geo. H. White's 1851⁶ directory does not mention George Hood as a potter in Tunstall but lists him as an earthenware manufacturer at Bourne's Bank, Burslem. His home address was in Queen Street. Although one cannot be certain, it would seem that George Hood, who had a prosperous business in Tunstall from about 1820 until 1846 and subsequently a tiny pot-works in Burslem, may have been the George H. or Geo. H. of "Old Potter's" narrative.

Having tentatively established Geo. H. as George Hood, what sort of figures and toys did he make? "Old Potter" again provides the answer. The leading article of manufacture was a standing figure of Napoleon Buonaparte, right leg advanced, and arms folded, wearing a blue buttoned coat with gold facings, buff waistcoat, white breeches, and a large black hat. "Shoals of them were made at that time" (about 1845-1850). This information is valuable as indicating the persistent popularity of the Napoleon figure motif, and should serve as a corrective against the too early dating of similar figures. Other products of the factory included a "topper publican with his left hand in his breeches pocket, and in his right hand a jug full of foaming beer," modelled by Geo. H. himself; cats on box-lids in the form of cushions; dogs of all sizes and varieties; and the "gentlest of swains and the sweetest of maids" against a tree background "amiably squinting" at each other. Figures of the publican and his wife inscribed "Landlord" and "Landlady," exactly similar in style to the gesticulating figure in the "Bull-Baiting" groups, were popular and may be identified as the work of Obadiah Sherratt (c. 1775-c. 1850). Geo. H.'s topper publican was a little different in treatment. Cats and dogs were almost ubiquitous. The "Courtship" groups, too, were made by many potters, Pratt, Walton, and Salt included. The tree-background group made by Geo. H. suggests he may have been a plagiarist of the Walton School. It should be possible to identify the publican and Napoleon figures from the clearness of "Old Potter's" descriptions. Perhaps some readers of APOLLO who collect farmhouse chimney ornaments and toys may possess unidentified examples of Geo. H., or George Hood,⁷ of Tunstall and Burslem.

¹ Anonymous—*When I was a Child*. London: 1903, pp. 118-120, 124-126. The "Old Potter" who wrote this account of the Potteries in the 1840's was C. Shaw.

² *Newcastle and Pottery Directory*, 1822-1823.

³ L. Jewitt—*The Ceramic Art of Great Britain*. London: 1878. Volume 2, p. 430.

⁴ W. White—*History, Gazetteer and Directory of Staffordshire*, Sheffield: 1834.

⁵ L. Jewitt—*op. cit.*

⁶ W. White—*History, etc.* Sheffield: 1851.

⁷ Several George Hoods are recorded in the Baptismal Registers of St. John's Parish Church, Burslem:

1794, April 20	John and George, twin SS. of Ralph and Sarah Hood.
1801, Aug. 23	George, S. of Joseph and Ann Hood.
1801, Oct. 18	George, S. of James and Jane Hood.
1803, May 1	Andrew, S. of George and Margery Hood.
	George and Margery Hood (nee Shuffelbotham) were married at Stoke, May 3, 1802.

Perhaps one of these refers to the toy-maker of Burslem.

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WINE AND TOBACCO. By Pieter Claesz (1600-1661)

SEVENTEENTH century Dutch art is a song in praise of good living. Holland was rich; free at last after her long struggle with Spain; freed, too, of the inhibitions of other-worldliness and religion. Her quays and marts were crowded with the merchandise which her ships brought from all parts of the world, and her wealthy traders filled their houses with these treasures. It was, indeed, the beginning of the modern materialistic age, and possession of goods went to men's heads. Even the flower paintings were expressive of an age when everybody gambled in tulips, that exotic flower so recently introduced from the East, an age when the number of flowers recorded rose in a few decades from four hundred to more than seven thousand.

Into this world of excited mundane living another new thrill had recently come: tobacco. When Columbus discovered America the natives were given to smoking in various ways the leaves of a plant which came to be called "tobacco," from the name of the primitive pipe, the "tabaco" through which the smoke was inhaled. In the second half of the XVIth century Hernandez introduced the plant to Spain, Jean Nicot took it to France, and Sir John Hawkins, Raleigh, and Drake brought it to England. In some places the new habit was proscribed. But the Dutch took to it from the start, and soon smoking was included in their concept of comfortable living. They rapidly invented their

type of long-stemmed clay pipes which came to be known as "Dutchmen." So it is that in the Dutch still-life tobacco finds its place alongside wine and food: the pipe, the herb itself, the lighters, the burning charcoal. Never was it more deliberately portrayed than in this picture by Pieter Claesz, wherein the smoker's whole equipment stands on the table with the wine-glass half-filled with wine—a glowing tribute in every sense of the phrase.

Pieter Claesz was born in Burgsteinfurt in Westphalia in 1600, but by the time he was seventeen we find him settled as an artist in Haarlem, marrying there, and becoming the father of that other fine painter, Nicholas Berchem. In Haarlem he must have been greatly influenced by the work of the slightly elder painter of still-life, Willem Klaesz Heda, the inventor of the type of "Breakfast Piece" which Claesz himself was to make his own. Heda's picture in our own National Gallery shows a glass almost exactly similar to that in this picture, a comparatively rare shape for usually the "Roemer," as these glasses from the German wine country are called, was globular on its thick stem rather than open as these are. In earlier days the work of the two men was often confused, but now we realise that Claesz tends to use a less silvery, a browner tone for his pictures. This particular work by him, initialled with his monogram and dated 1632, was exhibited earlier this year at Slatter's Gallery.



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SOME LEICESTERSHIRE CLOCKMAKERS

BY J. A. DANIELL

LEICESTERSHIRE has always been regarded as an important centre of the clockmaking industry during the XVIIIth and early part of the XIXth centuries but, so far as is known, no attempt has ever been made to compile a list of makers in this area or to study their clocks as examples of local craftsmanship.

It must be admitted that many of the standard textbooks on clocks and their makers tend to give their readers the impression that London-made timepieces are the only ones that need concern the serious collector or student of horology. Clocks made in provincial centres are often included only as "inferior comparisons" or not mentioned at all.

While readily admitting that the very high standard achieved by the early London makers has never been surpassed, the purpose of this review is to show that the mechanical skill, dial decoration and casework of Leicestershire-made clocks are of no mean order. It should be remembered that the provincial clockmaker was bound by no rules of a Clockmakers' Company or obliged to conform to a recognized standard of craftsmanship but he loved his work and spared no pains to produce clocks and watches which were a credit to his trade.

Records of these early makers are therefore very meagre. Sometimes a casual reference to a birth, marriage or death in a parish register provides the only information about his working life, or it may be that a tombstone of the local Swithland slate in a church or chapel graveyard is the only link with a clockmaker who lived two centuries ago. More often than not, his clocks have to speak for themselves. The name on the dial is the only indication that its maker ever existed.

Before 1700 there could have been but few clocks in the county in private possession. True, there might have been one at the Hall if the local squire had paid a recent visit to London and returned with a long-case made by, perhaps, East, Tompion or Quare, but the villagers would have relied for their time-keeping

on the sundial or on the wrought-iron turret clock in the church tower, made by the local blacksmith.

The blacksmiths were, in fact, the first village clockmakers in Leicestershire just as the early London clockmakers were members of the Blacksmiths' Company until their own company was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1631.

In Leicester Museum can be seen the iron turret clock, dating from the very early XVIIIth century, formerly in the tower of Aylestone Church. The frame is of hand-forged wrought iron ornamented in the style of the period. In spite of restorations the movement retains much of the original work but the bell is a small modern replacement of the early one which weighed nearly half a ton!

Another turret clock (Fig. I), from Kirby Muxloe Church just outside Leicester, was discovered recently lying in a rusty and derelict condition in the church porch, having been removed from the tower some time ago. Its mechanism is interesting as being an early example of the anchor escapement, a device invented by Robert Hooke soon after 1670. This clock, mounted upon a contemporary oak framework, was probably made by the village blacksmith about 1690-1700 and is almost in its original condition, except for the bell and weights, which are missing; there was no dial, the hours being struck on the tenor bell in the belfry by means of a long arm which was disconnected when the bells were re-cast in 1905. An interesting feature is the massive pendulum with its lead bob. Apart from its brass wheels the mechanism is entirely of wrought iron.

It may well be asked whether there is any evidence that these blacksmith clockmakers ever devoted their attention to the making of domestic clocks in contrast to the massive turret clocks referred to above.

In the year 1865 Leicester Museum acquired a most interesting and unique bracket clock (Fig. II) with wrought iron movement and square brass dial upon which are scratched the words "Thos. Gambel. His own work. 1704."

This Thomas Gambel was the blacksmith at Walton, in Leicestershire. The ironwork of the movement (Fig. III) is obviously the work of an early craftsman but it provides a striking contrast to the very crudely scratched brass dial.

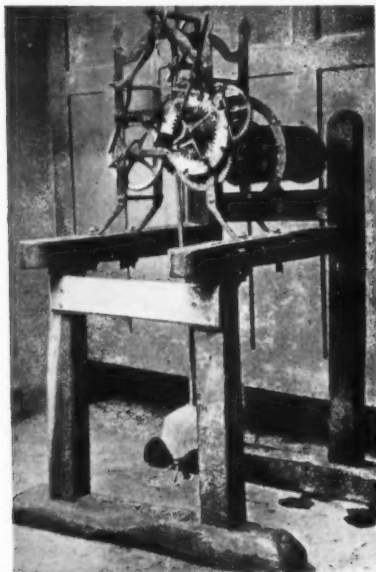


Fig. I.
Wrought-iron turret clock, mounted on original oak stand. Circa 1690.

From Kirby Muxloe Church, Leics.



Fig. II. Brass dial of bracket clock by Thomas Gambel, blacksmith, of Walton, Leicestershire. Dated 1704.

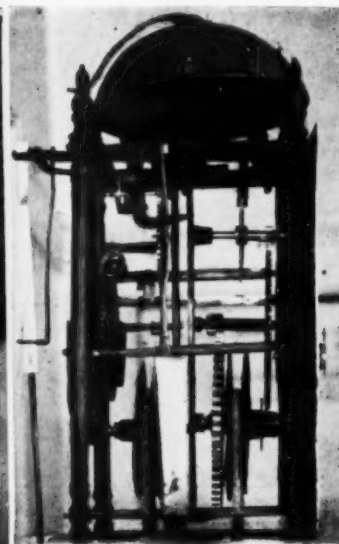


Fig. III. Side view of the movement of the clock by Thomas Gambel.



Fig. IV. Bracket clock by Roger Lee of Leicester. Circa 1695.

village clockmaker occurs in the register of Baptisms for the parish of Galby where the name of Christopher Carter is recorded on 2nd July, 1676. That he was a clockmaker is indicated by the inscription "Chris Carter in Galby" on the dial of a lantern clock dating from about 1700, recently acquired by Leicester Museum.

This clock is interesting because it indicates that by the end of the XVIIth century a tiny Leicestershire hamlet, such as Galby, had its own clockmaker—an early instance of the establishment of the trade in village centres.

Leicester, itself, had become a centre of the clockmaking industry before 1700, there being naturally a demand for good clocks from the citizens and county families. The Museum has been fortunate in securing the loan of two bracket clocks by Roger Lee, one of the first, and certainly the best known, of the early Leicester clockmakers. He completed his apprenticeship and became a Freeman of the town on 25th March, 1691. Of his two clocks, the one (Fig. IV) with the brass fret and cherub's head spandrels is the earlier and may be said to date from about 1695. The other (Fig. V) is somewhat later, 1710-15, but the workmanship of both these

Mr. R. H. A. Atkins, M.B.H.I., who has cleaned, overhauled and set the clock going again, considers it possible that the movement is not Gambel's work but was taken from an early German chamber-clock and reconstructed by him; an interesting theory which suggests that, at this early date, these blacksmith clockmakers were not too sure of themselves and preferred to adapt an old clock movement rather than make a new one. However that may be, the importance of the Gambel clock lies in the fact that it is an early attempt by a village blacksmith to satisfy a local demand for domestic timepieces at a time when clock-making, as a separate trade, had not found its way into many country villages. The claim that this clock is unique is put forward deliberately as a challenge, in the hope that those who read these lines may know of similar clocks elsewhere.

Before 1660 the lantern clock with the balance wheel escapement device was the chief product of the London clockmakers. In or about that year the invention of the pendulum superseded the balance-wheel escapement and made accurate time-keeping possible for the first time.

Large numbers of these pendulum lantern clocks were made in London and, at a somewhat later date, in the provincial centres also. By the end of the century the clockmaking trade had established itself in Leicester and in certain market towns and villages in the county.

An early mention of a Leicestershire

clocks is excellent. It is interesting to note that Roger Lee was followed in his trade by his son and grandson, thereby constituting an unbroken record of family craftsmanship in Leicester throughout the XVIIIth century.

Unlike the London clockmakers who were making both spring and weight-driven clocks at this period, it would seem that the Leicestershire makers confined their attentions almost entirely to the latter type. It was not until the early decades of the XIXth century, when clock springs were easily obtainable from Birmingham, that Leicester makers began to concentrate on spring-driven clocks, though to a somewhat limited extent.

There can be no doubt that in most provincial centres throughout the XVIIIth and first half of the XIXth centuries the greatest demand that local clockmakers had to face was for 30-hour and 8-day weight-driven long-case clocks. From about 1720 onwards these were made in large numbers in every Leicestershire town and in most villages.

Leicester, Loughborough, Market Harborough, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Melton Mowbray, Hinckley, Market Bosworth and Lutterworth all had their clockmakers. Village centres included Kibworth, Barton-in-the-Beans, Seagrave, Barwell, Desford, Great Dalby, Wymeswold and many others. Examples of the craftsmanship of these village clockmakers can be seen to-day in many a farmhouse parlour or quiet country vicarage. It is no small tribute



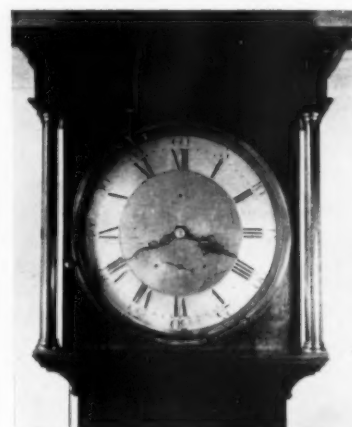
Fig. VI. Brass dial of eight-day long-case clock by Thomas Stripling, Barwell, Leicestershire. Circa 1740.



Fig. V. Dial of bracket clock by Roger Lee of Leicester. Circa 1715.

Fig. VII. Long-case clock in plain oak case. Thirty-hour movement, dated 1776, by Samuel Deacon, Barton-in-the-Beans, Leicestershire.

The photographs illustrating this article are by courtesy of Leicester Museum and Art Gallery.



SOME LEICESTERSHIRE CLOCKMAKERS



Fig. VIII. Long-case clock in oak case, inlaid decoration. The eight-day movement by Nathaniel Kirk, Kibworth, Leicestershire. Circa 1785.

A favourite device for the decoration of the dial centres of his 30-hour clocks is that of a dove flying with an olive twig in its beak, surmounted by a sun in splendour. Sometimes the dove gives place to butterflies or to small birds fluttering around a large basket of apples, but the sun is his almost invariable "trade-mark."

Stripling must have been making clocks from about 1730 onwards. There is no record of the date of his death but his wife's grave in Barwell churchyard bears the date 30th April, 1755. Perhaps his working career terminated soon afterwards because none of his clocks so far inspected would appear to be of later date than about 1760.

Not far from Market Bosworth in West Leicestershire is the delightfully named village of Barton-in-the-Beans. It was here, in the year 1771, that Samuel Deacon opened a workshop and made a large clock inscribed "Deacon 1771" which he attached to the wall of his house in the village street where it still remains. His son and grandson followed his trade so that the family tradition of craftsmanship has remained unbroken down to the present day. The visitor to Barton will find Mr. T. W. Deacon at his work bench, not actually making clocks, but ensuring that those made by his ancestors continue to keep perfect time.

A surprising number of clocks made by the

to their makers that they are still, almost invariably, excellent time-keepers.

One of the first Leicestershire makers to provide his customers with long-case clocks was Thomas Stripling of Barwell, a craftsman whose work was always of a very high standard. One of his long-case clocks is illustrated in Britten's *Old Clocks and Watches and their Makers* but the date given there, 1710, is rather too early as the Barwell parish registers tell us that he was not born until 2nd April, 1707.

As a result of a recent appeal in the local Press for information concerning Stripling's clocks, several replies were received indicating that some of them were still in existence; no less than six of these, it is interesting to note, in the Hinckley and Earl Shilton districts, within two miles of his original workshop at Barwell. Arrangements were made for these clocks to be inspected and the information obtained was carefully recorded. It was found that one of these clocks (Fig. VI) has an 8-day movement and the remaining five run for 30 hours, their movements being of the locking-plate type.

The dials of Stripling's clocks possess certain characteristics which enable his work to be recognised anywhere, but in no sense can he be accused of mass production! Each of his clocks is an example of fine craftsmanship, typical of a village clock-maker at his best.

Deacon family still survive. Almost every other farmhouse and cottage in West Leicestershire, and even further afield, has a grandfather clock with the words "Deacon—Barton" on the dial. One of these (Fig. VII), recently lent to the Museum for an exhibition of Leicestershire clocks, is especially interesting because the back-plate is engraved with the date when it was made, "September, 1776."

The local demand for clocks and watches could hardly have been adequate to provide the XVIIIth century village clockmaker with a steady livelihood, so he turned his hand to a variety of other jobs. One of Samuel Deacon's watch-papers gives some idea of the versatility of these village craftsmen. "Sam Deacon, Clock and Watch maker. Barton, Nr. Market Bosworth. Church turret, long-case and bracket clocks. Barometers and roasting jacks made and carefully repaired. Engraving plate and gold rings."

It is said that many a nameless turret clock in church towers throughout the county is the work of the Deacon family but, being Dissenters, they wished for obvious reasons to remain anonymous.

The village of Kibworth has been well known for many centuries to travellers on the turnpike road from Leicester to London. In the latter part of the XVIIIth century it was also famous as a centre of the clockmaking industry.

A fine 8-day clock by one of the Kibworth makers, Nathaniel Kirk (Fig. VIII), was acquired by the Museum some time ago. It has a circular silvered dial and inlaid work on the hood and door panel which helps to accentuate the excellent proportions of the clock case. It dates from about 1785. A thorough search of church and chapel registers and tombstones has so far failed to provide any information about the maker, nor is the family name remembered by the oldest inhabitants of the village.

Market Harborough, a few miles to the south of Kibworth, was another centre of the XVIIIth century clockmaking in Leicestershire. The name of Everard Billington calls for special mention here because he has left us an interesting 30-hour single handed long-case clock in a plain oak case with moulded hood dating from about 1750 (Fig. IX), in its original condition. Here again the fine proportions of the casework are very noticeable. It is important to remember that the skill of the village joiner combined with that of the clockmaker produced clocks which, after two centuries of use, are still a credit to the men who made them.

A final name must be included in any review of Leicestershire clockmakers. Thomas Noon, of Ashby-de-la-Zouch in the north of the county, produced some remarkably fine clocks in the 1770's. The dial shown in the photograph of one of his clocks is interesting because the date-ring is to be found on the inner side of the chapter ring and its indicator constitutes, as it were, a third hand. The spandrels on this dial are of very fine workmanship. Another interesting feature of this clock is the pull-repeater mechanism, not often found in provincial clockmakers' work.

It would be possible to add more about individual makers and their clocks but it is hoped that enough has been said to arouse the interest of those who feel inclined to study the old clockmakers of their own county or district.

In the past year more than 100 names of Leicestershire makers have been collected and in fact the list is increasing steadily.



Fig. IX. Thirty-hour long-case clock in plain oak case with moulded hood by Everard Billington, Market Harborough, Leicestershire. Circa 1750.

Fig. X. Long-case clock in inlaid oak case, the hood veneered in walnut. The eight-day movement by Thomas Noon of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire. Circa 1775. Pull-repeater device and date circle on inner side of chapter ring.



SOME HEPPLEWHITE CHAIRS

BY JOHN ELTON

THERE is an immense variety in the design of chairs during the late Georgian period, which can be dated approximately between 1770 and 1800, and Sheraton maintains in his *Cabinet Dictionary* (1803) that it was at that time extremely difficult for the chair-maker "to attain anything really novel." When compared with the *Director* period immediately preceding it, late Georgian chairs tended towards refinement and attenuation, but so great was the tensile strength of mahogany (of which a large proportion of seat furniture was made), and so excellent the joinery that their condition is almost as perfect to-day as in the reign of George III. The most noticeable characteristic of chairs of this period is the straight leg, either tapered and reminiscent of the classic pedestal, or turned in the form of a slender baluster. In upholstered chairs of the Adam period, which were designed on French lines, the oval back-frame was held by tenons on to the short curved continuations of the back legs, and the seat stuffed only, except for a moulded border to the seat-rail. Very considerable variety can be found in the design of open chair-backs, which can be dated by the issues of the *Guide* in 1788 and 1794 (the last and definitive issue) and the *Drawing book* (1791-4). In the *Guide*, the heart and shield shapes are favoured, but there are designs having square backs. The faces of the frame are sunk and moulded, and have a bead worked on the edge. The carved detail, which is well placed, consists of simple leaf forms, the husk and



Fig. I. Mahogany Armchair, the back resembling a single chair in the *Guide* (1788).



Fig. II. Mahogany wheelback Armchair. Circa 1780.



Fig. III. Single Mahogany Chair similar to heart-shaped backs in the *Guide*.



Fig. IV. Country-made Mahogany Armchair, late XVIIIth century.

wheat-ear, and of slight drapery swags. The seat coverings are, in all but one of Hepplewhite's designs, stuffed over the rail, and kept in position by a row (or rows) of brass headed nails, set close together; the heart-shaped back was not Hepplewhite's monopoly, but occurs on the work of Gillow of Lancaster. Other contemporary forms not shown in the *Guide* are the wheel and the ladderback. In the armchair (Fig. I) the back is closely similar to a design in the *Guide* for a single chair, in which the central feature is a slender faceted baluster finishing above on a plume of ostrich feathers, but this section of the splat is flanked by two moulded vertical ribs. The arms (in Fig. I) are, as usual in the *Guide*, set back on the side rails. In the armchair (Fig. II) the oval back is filled in by bars radiating from a centre, a design known as the wheelback. The bars finish in leaf-forms and the centre is carved with a rosette. The single chair (Fig. III) is similar in form of the back to some heart-shaped backs and fillings in the *Guide*. The armchair (Fig. IV) is a country-made version of a design found both in the *Drawing Book* and the *Guide* in which the filling is in the form of tapered vertical members, but the drop-in seat of the armchair and the plain legs united by stretchers mark its provincial origin. Stuffed back chairs with shield and oval backs are shown in the *Guide*, but the comfortable tub-shaped armchair with shaped back which is continuous with the arms is not illustrated. Though Sheraton began to issue his *Drawing Book* a few years later than the first edition of the *Guide*, his designs differ considerably from those of the latter, and though the shield-shaped back appears in the *Drawing Book*, the rectangular form is preferred. In the third and last edition of the *Guide*, a selection of chairs with square backs is included in an attempt to catch up with the new vogue.

SILVER IN THE LONDON GALLERIES—Part I

THE array of English silver to be seen in the London galleries is always impressive, and it includes, in the present month, specimens from the post-Restoration period to the age of the classical revival in the early years of the XIXth century. There are examples of the bold design and effective glitter of the early repoussé work dating from Charles II's reign, and the later fashion for engraved ornament in the Chinese taste. A cup and cover in the first style bears the hall-mark for 1660, the first year of this reign. The lower part of the swelling body is embossed with large flowers, such as tulips and daffodils, and fruit. The piece, which bears the maker's mark R.D., is from the collection of Messrs. Spink. A second cup (Fig. I) in the same rich style, which is fifteen years later in date, is embossed with large flowers, and also with the lion and unicorn, the Royal supporters. A small sweetmeat or strawberry dish (1671) at Messrs. Spinks, which is a survival of the form of decoration familiar in Commonwealth pieces,



cup is engraved with the arms of Edward, second Lord Rockingham, and appears to be the largest recorded example of a cup with strap-work decoration.

The candlestick (Fig. VI), one of a set of four, is also plain, except for the mouldings of the base and stem. They are by Paul de Lamerie, a great craftsman who worked in all the styles that



Fig. I (above).
Two-handled
cup, 1675.

Fig. II (left).
Tankard
(1686).

Fig. III
(right).
Cup and
cover
engraved
in the
Chinese
taste, 1682.

Fig. IV
(below).
Teapot, 1730.



is decorated with sprays and acorns springing from acanthus leaves.

The decoration of plate with engraved figures and scenes in the Chinese taste was in fashion during the last years of Charles II's reign, and during the short reign of his brother. This decoration consists of palms and exotic foliage, and long-necked "exotic" birds and figures in a dress that bears little relation to the Chinese. In the tankard (1686) at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company (Fig. II) the barrel is engraved with a duel between two swordsmen. The flat cover, also engraved, is surmounted by a scrolled thumbpiece. At Messrs. Spinks (Fig. III), a cup and cover (1682) is also engraved in the Chinese taste, but with *motifs* such as exotic birds (perhaps peacocks?) among scattered foliage sprays. The cover is surmounted by a finial of acanthus leaves, and the scroll-shaped handles are enriched with foliage.

The early Georgian teapot of rounded form sloping to a moulded base was made with slight variation until the last quarter of the XVIIIth century. The example (Fig. IV) bearing the mark of Joseph Smith, and the hall-mark for 1730, is plain except for the narrow band of engraving round the seating of the lid, and also the lid.

A fine two-handled cup (1712) at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company bears the mark of David Willaume (1658-1741) (Fig. V)—one of the most accomplished of the Huguenot silversmiths—who counted among his patrons many important clients. His work is marked by beauty of line and fine proportion. The body of the cup is divided into two parts and to the lower is applied a series of vertical straps, chased with formal *motifs*. The domical cover is also enriched with applied straps of different design. The

succeeded each other during his long working career, and who made plain plate even at a date (1741) when the rococo style was well established. A silver-gilt two-handled cup at Messrs. Crichton, dating from 1739, is an instance of the virtuosity of silversmiths of George II's reign. It has scroll-shaped handles; and the upper part of the cover and lower part of the body are enriched by





Fig. V. Cup and cover by David Willaume, 1712.

Fig. VI. Candlestick (one of a set) by Paul de Lamerie, 1741.



a series of twisting leaves relieved against a matted ground.

In the early years of the XIXth century designers, in a revivalist spirit, endeavoured to employ Greek forms and ornament, and an architect, writing in 1808, speaks of Greek members and ornament as then so prevalent as "to obtrude themselves on the notice of the most superficial observer." The great two-handled vases made during this period show what Charles Heathcote Tatham calls "that massiveness," the principal character of good plate. A characteristic example of this Greek bias is the vase (1805) at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company by the firm of Digby Scott and Benjamin Smith, from a design by John Flaxman for presentation by Lloyd's patriotic fund to those admirals and captains of ships who had fought at Trafalgar. This vase, which stands 17 inches in height, is decorated on one side with the figure of Britannia Triumphant, holding in her outstretched hand a winged victory, and on the other, with a warrior overcoming a three-headed serpent. On the cover is the British lion.

Figs. I and IV courtesy of Crichton Bros., Figs. II and V The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, and Figs. III and VI Messrs. Spink.

COVER PLATE

Abraham Hendricksz van Beyerens is one of the most considerable of the Dutch still-life painters. His first speciality was the painting of comparatively humble kitchen still-life with fish for the subject; but there seem to be indications that he came under the spell of Rembrandt and that of his younger contemporary Willem Kalf and turned to more sumptuous themes. Even in his most simple pieces, however, there is a quality in the rendering of the textures, a subtlety in the tone values which are an earnest of his greatness. When he turned to the lavish breakfast pieces and sideboard pieces such as this, with its massive silver-gilt cup, wine, luscious fruit and good food on splendid dishes he was able to use these qualities to the full.

This canvas is remarkable for the peep of landscape we get through the window, a rarity in Dutch still-life painting though we often have it in the figure subjects. We come back, however, to his play upon tones and textures, the main problem he sets himself in this composition, and one which he brilliantly overcomes. Kalf alone, leader of the school to which Beyerens belongs, would have built up his study to the majesty of the golden vessel which dominates it in splendour and yet is kept subordinate in tone to the peaches and lemons which lead the eye to it.

Abraham van Beyerens was born in 1620 at the Hague and died in 1675 at Alkmaar. In 1657 we find him at Delft where he founded a Confraternity of Artists, an indication of the importance attached to him during his lifetime.

His pictures are in a great number of Continental galleries, but here in England he is one of the rarer Dutch masters. This particular picture is in the possession of G. M. Lotinga, and is on exhibition at their Bond Street Galleries. Four of his works, including the magnificent example from the Cook Collection, were exhibited at the Dutch Art Exhibition at Burlington House in 1929.

• • •

SET OF PLYMOUTH PORCELAIN "SEASONS"

Circa 1769

Remarkably few complete sets of these small "Seasons" appear to be known, and this fact, coupled with their charming modelling, ensures their attraction for collectors. Of this particular set the "Winter" was selected for illustration in Dr. Mackenna's *Cookworthy* on account of its beauty. A divergence will be noted in the moulding of the bases, but it seems that this is a constant feature of these "Seasons," and is not necessarily an indication of the set having been matched up. This admirable set, which we illustrate in colour, is in the possession of Mr. T. Leonard Crow, of Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire.

• • •

COLLECTORS' PROBLEMS

Enquiries must contain the fullest information and be accompanied, when possible, by a drawing or photograph.

SILVER SHOE

M.B. (Saltburn). The piece of silver submitted bears both French and English markings. By the Act of 46-47 Victoria C. 55, 1883, it was enacted that foreign silver plate imported for sale was to be assayed and marked in the same way as English silver but with the addition of the letter F. As not infrequently happens the English markings are incomplete, only the lion and the F having been struck on this piece. As there is no English Duty mark it may be dated as after 1890-91 and before 1904, in which latter year the marking of foreign silver was revised.

SILVER BOX

J.W.M.H. (Benton). The marks shown on your sketch would appear to indicate that this box is of French origin. It may be suggested that the second mark should read B.M. and not R.M. The two marks you show as a lion and an acorn with two leaves respectively however seem to be English and in that case the piece has been imported from the Continent and incompletely marked at the Chester Assay Office under the Act of 4 Edward VII C. 6, 1904. It would therefore appear to be a modern piece made after 1904 and is probably not a snuff-box at all. Costume is not a safe guide for dating objects of this character as decorative features are frequently copied from earlier sources.



ART AND COLLECTOR BOOKS

Christmas, 1949

Brush, Pencil, Chisel and Pen

BY HORACE SHIPP

IF we remain uninstructed about art and artists it is not the fault of art historians or publishers, for the Autumn season has produced a wealth of books catering for almost every degree of intelligence and economy. Were I asked which I regarded as the ideal I should name Kenneth Clark's *Landscape into Art*, his Slade lectures at Oxford, which cover the ground of European landscape painting from medieval to modern. Sir Kenneth sees this art in relationship to the whole culture of the time in which it was produced—a rare and necessary thing for the art critic. He brings to it a mind steeped in the literature, social history and religious and scientific achievements of each period. His aesthetics grow naturally from this, and his knowledge of what was afoot in European painting completes the survey. Over a hundred plates at the end of the volume illustrate his thesis. One could wish the plates were with the relevant text, but this is a policy of perfection in a beautifully printed book.

Can art-writing be too simple or too intelligent? If so, Martin Armstrong's *The Paintbox* is the one, Adrian Stokes' *Art and Science* the other. The first covers all European

painting in a hundred pages so that any intelligent child could understand it. I judge that the book is directed to children, and as such is excellent for them and that "great compact majority" of adults who share their mental age. I myself give a popular lecture which covers the same ground in as nearly as possible the same manner so will cast no stone, knowing the difficulties of such compression. No book for the pundits, however, save to teach them simplicity.

Adrian Stokes sub-titles his book, *a Study of Alberti, Piero della Francesca and Giorgione*. Sir Kenneth Clark himself has recently published a book on Alberti and claims for him that his *della Pittura* of 1435 was the first book about painting. Adrian Stokes' erudition, with its Neo-Platonism, its harking back to Pythagorean musical ratios as the basis of proportion in Renaissance architecture and Piero's pictures, its concern with the Averroists who dominated the scholasticism of Padua University: all this, to use the expressive modern idiom, "I wouldn't know." I have a simple faith based on my contact with working artists that they trust their eye rather than mathematical theory. I suspect that Piero painted his walls and columns and entablatures like that because he thought they looked satisfactory that way, and not because of the ratio of the sounds of stringed instruments worked out by a Greek mystic. But as I flit between Mr. Stokes' rather obscure

text and his manifold notes and references I am almost persuaded. I only wish he would let Martin Armstrong demonstrate how to put these things over rather more simply.

Four more Faber Gallery Books are, as usual, of high standard both in critical introductions from authoritative pens and in the ten annotated coloured plates which form the body of each. Considering the low cost, the colour-truth of these reproductions is a remarkable publishing achievement, though the Venetian volume tends to be dulled (perhaps by the use of the black block so ubiquitous in contemporary colour printing and so often disastrous).

In *Gauguin* Herbert Read demolishes some of the romantic legend and rebuilds the truth about the artist on the ruins, analysing the social implications of his escapism to the primitive as a flight, dictated by a search for cheapness of living so that he could pursue his art untrammelled. Alongside this the author studies the development of Gauguin's technique as he moved from the impressionism of Pissarro to the synthesis of Bernard. Herbert Read pays tribute to the lasting colour value of the early Impressionism, a phase which all of us who know the works in Copenhagen will appreciate.

John Rothenstein's *Turner* is justifiable hero-worship of this great artist. He trounces the detractors of Turner the man, and denies the long-accepted legend of the death incognito. More importantly he traces step by step that mastery of light and movement, from the painting of form in the early work to the supreme beauty of the final canvases consecrated to light and colour.

The editor of the series, R. H. Wilenski, writes an admirable study of Seurat, analysing not only the particular modification which this brilliant young artist made in his attempt to impose form on the formlessness of impressionism, but also his linear and spatial composition. W. G. Constable deals with *Venetian Painting* in the orthodox manner of the art historian



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with an array of scholarship and factual knowledge. A good introductory book in this wide field. As the final paragraphs deal with XVIIIth century painting a word might have been added on Marieschi, whose work is rising in favour.

OVER TO DRAWINGS:

The Avalon Press have published a book on Rowlandson's *Drawings* by Adrian Bury, redoubtable champion of the traditional in art. His brief biographical sketch presents Rowlandson in all the robust humanity of a man-about-town in the urbane period in which he lived: *bon viveur*, gambler, amoralist, but full of that quality of English humour which directed his genius as a draughtsman. Mr. Bury is at pains to stress that Rowlandson was more than a caricaturist, and many of the drawings chosen prove the point. Others—the "Classical Nudes" for example, or "Ugolino and his Family in Prison"—show the artist's limitations. Rowlandson's business was with the contemporary human comedy, and the landscape in which it was set. His genius was laughter and a kindly malice. Why should we be at pains to deny it? Mr. Bury's choice of the eighty-seven drawings and his notes thereon are excellent, whilst the production is first-rate.

Another volume of XVIIIth century drawings is "The Drawings of Henry Fuseli" with a scholarly introduction by his countryman, Professor Paul Ganz. The time is ripe for an appreciation of Fuseli at his true worth alongside Blake, who admired him so much. Not that we should allow his occasional superficial resemblance to Blake to disguise the fact that they are dealing with an entirely different content. Fuseli had little of Blake's mysticism: his feet were more on the earth, and there is a strong erotic element in his work. He emerges from Professor Ganz's study as a great man, and a serious artist who has been too long neglected; albeit the over-emphasis of his influence at the end weakens rather than strengthens Dr. Ganz's case. The plates are excellently chosen, though sometimes strangely titled. In these days, when romanticism is afoot, it is well to be reminded of Fuseli with his passion for romantic poetry and drama, for dreams and passionate love. This is a welcome book.

Yet another book of drawings is *Nineteenth Century Drawings*, 1850-1900, chosen and introduced by Graham Reynolds, the Deputy Keeper at the V. and A. Perhaps it is inevitable that the accent should be on the French School, and the editor covers his comparative neglect of the English by his indication that English drawings were so often planned for wood-engraving as to demand separate treatment. As with all anthologies one inevitably opposes one's personal predilections to those of the anthologist. I'm sure there is a better Manet, and a finer Redon; I want more Keene and less Degas; and so on. Nevertheless one recognises that it is Mr. Reynolds' choice, and the text is succinct and illuminating and the plates usually exciting. As with all Pleiades books it is excellently produced, and so is the Fuseli volume published by Max Parrish.

It is a logical step from this to the sumptuous volume, *Degas Dancers* by Lillian Browse. Miss Browse is herself a dancer and dance teacher, as well as an authority on art, and accordingly she has made a special study of Degas. This is almost as much a history of Ballet in Degas' time as a record and analysis of his art as it was applied to this subject which he made so magnificently his own. Are there too many notes? At least they display the authoritative method which Miss Browse has pursued to give us this book.

A study of Degas' life and times gives us the biography against the background of the impressionist revolt with which it was linked. This is followed by a detailed record of his gradual absorption in ballet as an art form which offered him just those elements he needed for his own art. The major part of the

book is taken up with the two hundred and fifty-six monochrome and twelve colour plates, followed by a series of scholarly notes. Lillian Browse's book is the last word on its subject: so thorough that we begin to ask if it isn't almost too much of a very good thing.

From *Cave Painting to Comic Strip* by Lancelot Hogben is not an art book in the strict sense of aesthetics: it is a sociological document, one of those universal histories with which we associate Hogben's name. It tells of the evolution of symbols for communication from the first scratchings on bone or rock to television and the Isotype chart. It was planned chiefly as a picture book by Marie Neurath, the Director of the Isotype Institute, with Hogben writing a running commentary. Also it was planned solely for America and is therefore written in an approximation to that language rather than in English. It eventuates as a thrilling angle view on the human activity which includes art, and even those who, like myself, are allergic to the comic strip and several other methods of "saying it in pictures" will find this factual history of visual communication fascinating and of importance in the consideration of art itself.

One of these modern means of communication is the colour photograph, and *Mountains in Colour* by Frank Smythe, illustrated by fifty-seven of his own photographs, exploits it to the full. Frank Smythe enthusiasts (and there are many, for he was a great mountaineer and an articulate one) and colour photography fans will enjoy this book. From a position outside both camps I cannot bear it. This attempt to bring the Himalayas on a plate is the perfect answer to those who tell us that the camera can supplant the artists. It will, of course, be tremendously popular.

Finally two books on sculpture:

Tradition in Sculpture by Alec Miller tells the whole story of this form of art from the most primitive to the ultra-moderns. With these latter he has no sympathy, and issues a warning rather than an exposition. His book, therefore, concerns itself positively with all traditional work up to, say, Epstein and Gill. It is valuable in that he himself is a practising sculptor and is able to talk technically throughout. He is widely and wisely conversant with the successive methods of sculpture and their causes; and, with its wealth of illustrations, this is an authoritative introduction to the whole subject. Not the least exciting part is his indictment of contemporary critics who defend the kind of work which to Mr. Miller is anathema.

To hear the case for the moderns one may turn to E. H. Ramsden's *Twentieth Century Sculpture*, for this writer is as anti-traditional as Mr. Miller is pro. He says all there is to be said for the modern idiom. Artist by artist and country by country he expounds their purposes, methods, and philosophies, and extols their works. Sixty-three plates point the moral and adorn the tale. They include many of the greatest European sculptures and finish with that vast abstract roll of concrete at Zurich, "Continuity," by the Swiss sculptor Max Bill. This is indeed the Counsel for the Defence of modernist sculpture.

As a postscript stands the personal record of the shaping of an artist, *Outline, an Autobiography*, by Paul Nash, which includes the story of the first twenty-five years of his life, some letters from France during World War One, the notes for the completion of the unfinished autobiography, and a few short essays. It is difficult to write objectively of the autobiography of a friend, for one writes under a spell. But for that personal interest I think I might feel a certain lack of cohesion inevitable about this book of fragments. Nevertheless it is a revelation of the way one man, following a path of absolute sincerity, became an artist in a modern medium.

LANDSCAPE INTO ART. By Kenneth Clark. Murray. 25s.

THE PAINTBOX. By Martin Armstrong. Black. 6s.
ART AND SCIENCE. By Adrian Stokes. Faber. 15s.
GAUGUIN. By Herbert Reid. **TURNER.** By John Rothenstein. **SEURAT.** By R. H. Wilenski. **VENETIAN PAINTING.** By W. G. Constable. Faber Gallery Books. 8s. 6d. each.
ROWLANDSON DRAWINGS. By Adrian Bury. Avalon Press. 25s.
THE DRAWINGS OF HENRY FUSELI. By Paul Ganz. Max Parrish. 42s.
NINETEENTH CENTURY DRAWINGS. By Graham Reynolds. Pleiades. 30s.
DEGAS DRAWINGS. By Lillian Browse. Faber. £4 4s.
FROM CAVE PAINTING TO COMIC STRIP. By Lancelot Hogben. Max Parrish. 21s.
MOUNTAINS IN COLOUR. By Frank Smythe. Max Parrish. 25s.
TRADITION IN SCULPTURE. By Alec Miller. Studio Publications. 30s.
TWENTIETH CENTURY SCULPTURE. By E. H. Ramsden. Pleiades. 25s.
PAUL NASH AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Faber. 30s.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JAMES BRYDGES, FIRST DUKE OF CHANDOS. By C. H. Collins-Baker and M. Collins-Baker. Oxford University Press and G. Cumberlege. 42s.

The first Duke of Chandos, who is described by his biographer as notable among the second-rank men of his time, acquired his great fortune as Paymaster-General of the Forces abroad in Queen Anne's reign, and used his wealth in liberal patronage of the arts, and in building on a magnificent scale. After eight years in that profitable employment, he was one of the richest men in England, and this sudden and legendary fortune, and his great house, Cannons, gave some colour to the identification of him with Timon, in Pope's "The Use of Riches." His life, by Mr. C. H. Collins-Baker, has much valuable material, drawn from his journal and correspondence, and from the inventories of Cannons at Edgware, of Chandos House in London. Little remains of his buildings; Cannons endured for little more than twenty years, and Mr. Collins-Baker's reconstruction of this house, "so lofty, so majestic that a Pen can but ill describe it" is of great interest. Extracts from the Cannons inventory taken in 1725 illustrate the level of domestic splendour and domestic comfort, and add to our knowledge of the interesting group of Italian and French painters who added colour to early XVIIIth century interiors—Belucci, Laguerre, Roberto, and Grisoni. There is also a wealth of miscellaneous information relating to aspects of social life during Chandos's lifetime. Besides the account of Cannons, there is a full account of the Duke's venture in building lodging houses in Bath, with the elder Wood of Bath as his architect; and the record of Wood's sins and evasions can be set off against his great work in rebuilding that city. Chandos emerges as no Timon, but a modest and unassuming man, susceptible to self-distrust. He admitted to a friend that he was not so ignorant of his own weakness as "not to be sensible of the justice" of Pope's satire.

No fact of the subject is slurred or overlooked, and the result is a work to keep and frequently consult.

THE TASTE OF ANGELS. A HISTORY OF ART COLLECTING FROM RAMESES TO NAPOLEON. By Francis Henry Taylor. Hamish Hamilton. 42s.

This work, by Mr. Francis Henry Taylor, Director of the great Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, is immense in size and scope, and is to be followed by a second study, to deal with the European collectors of the Industrial Revolution. Naturally, the earliest stage

of this survey ("The Earliest Collections") has less detail and less entertaining digression than chapters on the period of the Renaissance, the sections devoted to the great French and English collectors of the XVIIth and XVIIIth centuries; the collections in the Netherlands, and during the baroque period in Rome, the sire of collecting in Prussia and in the Napoleonic age. It is a quarry of a book, with its more than six hundred pages, and more than a hundred illustrations; and it took Mr. Taylor twelve years to write. In spite of its discursiveness, the book is readable and entertaining, for, as its author tells us, it has taken him into many avenues and byways, byways leading sometimes away from the main approach.

The accounts of collecting lead on to the life history and habits of collectors, and there is a portrait gallery of these *curieux* and collectors which is not always relevant to the subject. But the fact that the book is a labyrinth in which the author sometimes loses his clue should not detract from its value and importance. The account of the building up of the great collections in France and England in the XVIIIth century is vivid and well documented and extremely interesting, as is the final section dealing with the Napoleonic age, the sack of Italy, the formation of the Musée Napoleon, and the activities of Vivant Denon, the Emperor's adviser and agent. In addition to the records of collecting proper, there are included full quotations from authors who were formative influences on the taste of their period, and an appendix on the value of money. As a rule, Mr. Taylor avoids criticism of art, but in the case of Roubiliac, he is biased in describing him only as "the creator of ivory soap orators, statesmen and warriors" in Westminster Abbey.

The work is characteristic of the range and thoroughness of American scholarship.

FROM COLONY TO NATION. AN EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN PAINTING, SILVER AND ARCHITECTURE. The Art Institute of Chicago.

The exhibition held at the Art Institute of Chicago in 1949 summarised the changes from the art of the Colonial period to the full American style, and its catalogue (which is well illustrated) is of more than local interest. The early painters show "realistically individual facial characteristics," and this realistic approach also appears in the work of Ralph Earl, whose portrait of Roger Sherman (painted between 1775 and 1777) was one of the most interesting in the exhibition. This portrait of Roger Sherman, "rigid as starched linen or buckram," hard-featured and uncompromising, is truly American in its honest interpretation of character. Ralph Earl visited England, but was not so adversely affected as was John Singleton Copley. His paintings, which were shown at the exhibition, all date before 1774 (when he left for Italy and England) and are to be preferred in their firm and honest realism to the indifferent "histories" of his English period. A fine collection of American silver was also shown, including specimens of the work of John Coney (1655-1722), the ablest silversmith of Colonial times, some of whose work, such as a monteith, decorated with cherub heads, scrolls and floral ornament, is fully as accomplished as contemporary English plate.

HISTORY OF WORLD ART. By Everard M. Upjohn, Paul S. Wingert, Jane Gaston Mahler. 560 pp., 654 illus. Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press. New York. £1 12s. 6d.

The authors of this book have made a serious and, on the whole, a surprisingly successful attempt to write and illustrate a primary history of world art in one volume. The object was not a new one, and in the past has been so questionably performed that one is grateful to have at last a work of this order that can be happily recommended to teachers, students and the general public without the uneasy feeling

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that one's suggestion should be qualified to a crippling extent. The book is bulky but pleasantly made, and through methodical planning of text and plates is easy to handle. As might be expected from its publisher, the page typography is a joy to read and for ordinary use Glossary, Index and Chronological Tables are satisfactory. There is a helpfully planned bibliography of books in English which we suggest in future editions might be amplified in its Romanesque and Gothic sections by the inclusion, in the English translation, of Wilhelm Worringer's *Form in Gothic*, edited by Herbert Read and published by Putnam's, 1927, and Herbert Read's *English Stained Glass*, Putnam's, 1926, both indispensable essays to even the serious amateur. In adverse criticism, the two-page spread title is a mistake, its arrangement of illustrations precious and too small for legibility in support of the dignified and comprehensive title; and, on the pleasant blue linen binding of the book, it is difficult to understand the reason for the stamping of the word "Art," on both front and spine, in an illegible silver ink as part of the title otherwise imprinted in an unbecoming greenish-yellow ink.

The authors, all members of the Faculty of Fine Arts at Columbia University, advertise ideally the necessity of close collaboration in such a formidable work, and they are to be congratulated upon the good taste and tact of their scholarly organisation.

It is deceitfully simple to point out important omissions, to express surprise that even the shortest significant notice of modern sculpture could be thought complete without the name of Henry Moore; or that the revolutionary design of Ogata Kōrin could possibly be dismissed in a mention of Japanese art of the Tokugawa period as part of a plebian tendency "something gay, rich in colour, and not too profound," but such individual opinions are beside the point, though by no means impertinent, where such an otherwise admirable result has been attained in the cause of a more balanced appreciation of the vast fields of world art. For rarely, even in more ambitious histories, have the claims of Oriental art been given so generously and knowledgeably their rightful place in the scheme of things, and in no former popular history have the techniques of painting and sculpture been so intelligently, and with such dignity, propounded with a complete absence of any species of "writing down." This virtue is especially notable in the section given to the habitually neglected subject of Indian Art.

Lastly, of illustrations. These, grouped as a body at the beginning of the volume, are well chosen and better reproduced than the average, but fewer examples, given the same space, would have made a more lasting impression.

It is genuinely to be hoped that this book will have a wide circulation and a life of many constantly improved editions. K.R.T.

ENGLISH MEDIAEVAL ART. By Joan Evans. Oxford University Press. Geoffrey Cumberlege. 30s.

This volume forms part of a series of studies of English art to be completed in eleven volumes, and these surveys are "to be related to periods of general history, which does not always coincide with the beginning or close of an artistic movement." It is a project worthy of the publishers of the invaluable *Oxford History of England*. In the preface, the editor writes that this study "will achieve its aim if it leaves the subject in a more consistent form, better related to our history as a whole, the ground better prepared for the researcher of the future." But does it? It is a disappointing book, desultory, and badly arranged. We move in one chapter from architecture to *opus anglicanum* and the fantasies of illuminated manuscripts. The mistress art has little in

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common with the minor arts of needlework and the illumination of manuscripts.

The author approaches architecture in a sentimental spirit. For instance, she writes that the most shining beauties of architecture "depend on fortuitous changes of light and shadow; English fourteenth century buildings should be seen in the early morning, or towards sunset, or at a time when passing clouds or driving rain gives them beauty." Other historians of architecture do not claim for English churches the adventitious aid of a rainstorm or Piper-like cloud effects. One section is given up to English painting of this period. There is, in fact, little of it, and what there is is not remarkable. But, to help it out, Miss Evans includes the Wilton Diptych; and also a leaf (the Adoration of the Magi) from the Museo Nazionale, Florence. In the latter case, the view most generally held is that the painter was a Frenchman, and in the list of plates it is described as "English or French." Of the Wilton Diptych (where the technique displayed is remarkably accomplished) Miss Evans writes that it may be by an Englishman "not unfamiliar" with French painting (p. 104). Neither paintings are at all representative English work of this period. The latten chandelier from the Temple Church at Bristol (p. 86) with its figure of St. George slaying the Dragon, is, as has been pointed out, Flemish. There is an excellent bibliography but the index has not been intelligently compiled. The words *misericords* and *retables* are not indexed, but there are references to leeches, whelks, mermaids, which are merely *motifs* among the lavish embroidery of Richard II clothes. J.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MINIATURE PORTRAIT PAINTERS. By C. Winter. From the *Proceedings of the British Academy*, Vol. XXXIV. Geoffrey Cumberlege. 5s.

Little enough is written about the British school of miniature painters at the present time, that a paper from one of Mr. Winter's scholarship holds more interest for a student of the art than it would do even if its literature were as numerous as it was three or four decades ago.

In this small volume Mr. Winter traces the history and aesthetics of the British portrait miniature from the time of Holbein up to the XIXth century, and, in spite of the fact that the text occupies but nineteen pages, he gives a very comprehensive picture of its main development. If he is somewhat preoccupied with the work of Nicholas Hilliard, then that is understandable. Hilliard was for too long forgotten or relegated to the position of a second-rate miniaturist; Dr. G. C. Williamson, for example, wrote him down as inferior to the Oliveres, whereas he represented a different point of view—that of the lyricist as opposed to that of the realist.

It is with Mr. Winter's summary dismissal of contemporary miniature painters that the reviewer feels justified in criticising this work. A sweeping reference, from a person holding the important post of Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, to contemporary miniaturists as "those who forlornly strive to practise miniature painting to-day" contains seeds of danger. Such a dismissal carries authority; and yet, if the art is to survive at all, and it is to be assumed that Mr. Winter wishes it to survive, it needs some encouragement. It is, indeed, unhappily true that a vast amount of contemporary work is trivial, insipid and sentimental, but there are some present-day miniaturists who, far from "forlornly striving" to practise the art, produce miniatures of strength, and that contain that very quality of line, the alleged loss of which in contemporary work Mr. Winter deplors. On the other hand it is good that he condemns those "miniatures" painted over a photographic base, for they do nothing but harm to the art's reputation.

The book is rendered complete by ten plates of illustrations. R.L.

WINES: A Collector epicure in Italy

THE wines of Italy are little known in England, and when, as a preliminary to a visit to Italy, I consulted the more recent books on wine published in this country I found more prejudice against them than information about them. Chianti is sufficiently familiar to demand a passing if patronising notice, but the Italian sparkling wines are generally denounced or ignored as beneath contempt. One author, referring to the sweet sparkling wine of Piedmont, Asti Spumante, does no more than hint darkly at "dire results." I personally sympathise with those who judge Chianti rather critically; it is strong, harsh and tart, though it hardly deserves the description which Osbert Sitwell gave it "that murky Chianti, which tastes of searing red ink with walnut shells melted into its sultry and sulky stream, but yet to all foreigners represents Italian wine." Chianti is a wine of Central Italy, coming from the district of Chianti Ferrese in Tuscany, and on my visit to Italy I decided to avoid the strong wines of the centre and south, and to concentrate on the more delicate productions of the north.

Starting out from Milan, I did not go further south than Bologna in Emilia, but I covered the three main wine-growing regions of Northern Italy; firstly the country between Brescia and Verona, around the southern and eastern shores of Lake Garda, secondly the country between Bologna and Parma in Emilia, and thirdly the rich vineyards of Piedmont, mainly on the ranges of hills between Genoa and Turin.

One word of warning to any who should be tempted to follow a similar plan: one cannot in Italy, any more than in France, expect, when ordering an open wine, to be sure of getting the produce of the local vineyards. There is a considerable wine trade in Italy and large quantities of the rather raw wines of the south are sent northwards for blending with the lighter local wines. They are then sold simply as "vino rosso" or "vino bianco." Wine from the campagna around Rome is also sent to the north, and most of the open white wine served in the restaurants of Turin, the capital city of Piedmont, is the thick honey-coloured Frascati from Rome, a heavy and rather depressing beverage. Even on the slopes of Lake Garda, where I sat on the terrace of a wine house high above the lake with a superb view of the vineyards all around me, I was assured by the patron that his speciality was Albano, a heavy, resinous and slightly sweet wine from the country around Rome. These southern wines have a slightly heavier alcoholic content than those of the north, ranging between 12 and 14 degrees as against the 10 to 11 degrees of the northern wines. This does not, however, constitute any sort of ground to seek them out. Arriving in Milan, as the English tourist usually does, there is the choice of turning westwards to Piedmont or eastwards towards the lakes. As Piedmont leads one away towards France, I felt that it was best to turn east and to leave Piedmont until the end of the tour. One thing is certain, that one cannot stay in Milan, which has the evil, and, I am convinced, fully justified reputation of being the most expensive city in Italy. It has, moreover, influenced some of its smaller neighbours in a disastrous way as far as cost of living is concerned. Turning eastwards from Milan, the first city one reaches is Bergamo, which is famous not for wine, but for the extreme predilection of its inhabitants for "uccelli e polenta," a dish consisting of the rather pathetic carcasses of very small birds served with a little ground maize on toast. The market place of Bergamo, and, for that matter, of the neighbouring town of Brescia also,

is crowded with vendors of what one at first takes to be small singing birds; but one's admiration for the Italians' apparent love of bird-song is soon displaced by the realisation that these unappetising creatures are destined for the cooking pot.

Like most of the towns east of Milan, Bergamo draws its wine from the Garda or Verona area, though a little of the sweet sparkling Moscato is grown in the district. Two excellent wines, a white and a red, are produced to the south and east of Lake Garda, each named after a village on its shores. The white wine, Lugana, is named after a hamlet at the base of the peninsula of Sirmione at the southern extremity of the lake. It is a pleasant fresh wine of light golden colour, sometimes with just a suggestion of sweetness but not sufficiently so to affect its merit as a table wine. The Italians recommend it for drinking with pasta; it does not, however, seem to be exported far beyond its local district of production, and I have not been able to obtain it in other parts of Italy. The red wine produced near Garda is Bardolino (not Barolino as Mr. André Simon would have it), named after the village of Bardolino on the eastern shore of Garda, some 20 km. N.E. of Lugana. Bardolino I have had much further afield than Lugana and it is, I consider, one of the best of the light red wines of North Italy. It has rather more body than the usual run of Italian table wines, but not so much as to detract from its thirst-quenching qualities. It must not, of course, be confused with the much heavier Barolo, the best red wine of all Italy in my opinion, which comes from Piedmont.

Disliking long journeys, I stopped at Bergamo, but the more energetic would probably prefer to push on the extra fifty miles or so to Garda where one can enjoy, even in late summer, a positively Mediterranean climate and, at the expense of a steamer trip, pay a visit of homage in the same morning to the name-places of both Lugana and Bardolino. However, I anticipated the pleasure and tasted them both in Bergamo instead. Like so many Italian towns, Bergamo is divided quite distinctly into the old and the new town. Nowhere is the distinction so definite as in Bergamo, for the old town is situated on the top of a hill, the precipitous sides of which are still crowned by fortifications dating from the XVth to the XVIIIth century. Above the fortifications, the richer citizens built palaces with views extending out over the new town on the plain below, modest versions of the more splendid palaces of Genoa which, constructed on the sides of the steep hills above the port, look out over the Mediterranean. Whereas the palaces of Genoa were heavily damaged during the war, those of Bergamo have suffered no more drastic hand than the gentle decay of the passing centuries. Bergamo is, in fact, one of the very few north Italian towns that escaped unscathed from the last war; only the centre of the new town suffered a certain amount of damage when the newly liberated Left-wing elements of the city set to work to remove all traces of the Fascist régime. Such was their enthusiasm in the great work of destroying the Fascist tyranny that they even blew up the war memorial for the 1914-18 war.

The contrast between the new town, even after the removal of its bourgeois-capitalist monuments, and the old town is so extreme that it is best to delay one's wine-tasting until one has reached the latter by means of a tram and a brief journey on the almost perpendicularly ascending funicular. Then one must seek out a wine-shop which possesses a garden looking out, like the palaces higher up the hill, over the city walls on to the plains below. This is not so simple as it sounds, for like most cities long confined within town-walls of mediaeval construction, the houses of Bergamo have been built up and up, towering over the narrow streets, in order to accommodate the increasing population, and it is almost as difficult to find one's way there without a street map as it is in Venice. It has the advantage against Venice, where one

may walk for hours without escaping from the imprisonment of high blank walls, that every now and then, when pausing before an apparently unpromising alley, one finds that instead of leading between two rows of closely set, sadly dilapidated buildings, it descends sharply down the side of the hill and offers a view straight out across the plains to the distant hills, faintly visible in the summer haze.

I suppose that one of our purists, who speak so contemptuously of Italian wines, would consider that to think of the view when drinking wine was at the worst blasphemous, at the best foolish. However, Italian wines do not demand quite such an attitude of reverence from their admirers. Apart from Barolo, they are distinctly lacking in bouquet, and so the most solemn moments of wine tasting must be omitted.

The Italian wine-shops are often rather cavernous, nor are the Italians of the towns given to the habit of drinking wine out of doors in vine-hung gardens, like those on the hills above Vienna that provide so delightful a background for drinking the bitter "heuriger" which is so unaccountably esteemed by the inhabitants of that city. However, a few hours from Bergamo brings us to the lakes, and there can be few more attractive places for wine drinking than the vine-clad slopes running down to Lake Garda, in the heart of the wine-producing district. Steep hills rise sharply from the shores of Garda, and half-an-hour's walking upwards, provided one keeps to the roughly-paved mountain road, is usually sufficient to bring one to a house where the smooth Lugana may be drunk in the leafy shade of a vine-hung pergola looking down on the technicolour blue water. The local wines of Garda are sufficiently light and sharp to be just what is required after the upward climb.

An hour's drive from the southern shore of Garda brings us to Verona, which numbers amongst its specialities not only the vast Roman arena, the Romanesque splendours of the monastic church of St. Zeno with its great Mantegna altar-piece, still preserved from the blandishments of American millionaires and foreign museums, and the solid but uninspired merits of the school of Veronese, but an admirable red wine, Valpolicella, and a comparably good white, Soave. It is not a little depressing, when visiting Italy, to discover how few of the works of the great masters survive in the towns from which they have taken their names; in Verona, one may study the school of Veronese but not the master himself; in Mantua, apart from the frescoes in the Gonzaga palace, there is nothing left of Mantegna's own works; in Parma there are certainly a number of Correggios but little to show for Parmigianino. However, no riches can transfer the vineyards of Verona to another country, and we can still be sure of finding the local wines in the districts to which they belong. My Italian friends recommended me to drink Soave with spaghetti and Valpolicella with the meat, but I would not hesitate to recommend Lugana in preference to Soave if it can be got. I find Soave inclined to be a little resinous, and lacking in just that slight degree of tartness which one requires to offset the richness of Italian cooking.

Valpolicella is produced in one of the valleys running up into the hills from the eastern shores of Garda, but the name is, of course, given to wines produced outside this one valley. It is the very lightest of red wines, and for those who have been brought up on the more assertive virtues of a French burgundy it will be found lacking in body. The same district produces a more aristocratic wine which is honoured with the noble-sounding title of Recioto di Valpolicella; it is sold in bottles richly garnished with coloured silver paper wrapping and labels of great self-importance, so that one begins to wonder whether so much window-dressing does not conceal a sham. However, it is in fact one of the best of the attractive range of sparkling red wines which are amongst the most typical features of Italian viniculture.

The Italian red sparkling wines are numerous

and of markedly varying quality. I will enumerate them briefly now and deal with them more fully when referring to the locality from which they come. Besides Recioto di Valpolicella, there is Lambrusco from the neighbourhood of Parma, and a trio from Piedmont, Freisa, Nebiolo and Brachetto. Recioto is rightly regarded as the best of them, and it is by far the most expensive. On the whole, the Italian sparkling wines tend to vary between sweet and very sweet, but Recioto can be obtained in a fairly dry quality. The Italians drink it as a dessert wine and I would not recommend anyone to ignore their example. In colour it is a deep red, and it is one of those wines which are most confusingly known in Italy not as "rosso" but as "nero." I can think of some excellent Barolo I have drunk with a depth of colour and body which would justify the term, but in general "vino nero" merely means red wine in the Italian wine-shops.

From Verona I went south into the province of Emilia; with unlimited time one should certainly go to Mantua, Parma, and Bologna, and Modena and Cremona and Piacenza and so on in a never-ending series of towns which seem, with the exception of Bologna, to have stopped moving somewhere about the middle of the XVIIIth century. With their quiet streets, lined by palaces of strangely standardised proportions but fortunately more varied ornament, one expects to hear coach wheels rather than the miniature motor-cycles, luxury versions of those used by our parachutists during the war, which speed by with a devastating air of the XXth century. At Mantua, there is the vast and ghostly palace of the Gonzaga princes, its miles of wall space covered by acres of canvases, which decay calmly in the darkened rooms; at Parma, a Farnese palace almost as large as that of the Gonzagas but even more confusing for its visitors since it was not completed in the XVIth century and has been heavily bombed during the last war, and, more joyous to recall, the most delicate ham; at Bologna a quality of sausage which has held a European fame for five centuries and has added a word to the English language, and a school of XVIIth century painters who made our XVIIIth century ancestors on their Italian tours almost swoon in ecstasy under the weight of sentiment with which they charged their brushes; at Piacenza—but enough—the essential fact is that in any of these cities one may have, at a cost which will certainly be less than two shillings, a bottle of Lambrusco, the rare red foaming wine whose praises Osbert Sitwell has sung, perhaps with more enthusiasm than judgment. One must not for a moment think of champagne when speaking of these Italian sparkling red wines, for the comparison would be misleading. Lambrusco is a very light and boisterous wine which foams, I suspect, not on account of the qualities of the grapes, but because a generous quantity of gas has been administered to it. It is obtainable fairly widely in North Italy but I usually found that the waiters regarded it with a certain contempt—doubtless bearing in mind the considerably higher tips which could be gained from those who ordered an Asti Spumante or a Recioto. Lambrusco is not sweet and makes an excellent table wine; for those whose pockets do not permit of anything very ambitious in the way of wines, it makes an admirable alternative to the usual Chianti, besides being cheaper. I pass on, but without responsibility, the assurance given me by an exceedingly elderly waiter, who might have been expected to know, that its gaseous qualities made it an excellent aid to digestion. Turning west from Emilia and making for Piedmont, the gastronome will probably lament, for the fame of Bologna's cooking is not unjustified, but the wine student will rejoice, for Piedmont is the home of some of the best red wines of all Italy.

When I first went as a young and ignorant man to Turin, the capital city of Piedmont, I ordered a "vino bianco" with my meal; with a look of silent reproof they brought me a

nameless mixture of deepish golden colour. It is well to remember that Piedmont, with all its vast wine production, has no white still wine to which one may give a name, but there is plenty of red to make up for this omission. The cheapest wine is Barbera, a wine which, according to André Simon, is not bought by the cognoscenti. Now I do not agree with much that André Simon has to say about Italian wines in his *Wine Primer* (Michael Joseph, 1946), but I will accept his condemnation of Barbera. It is a rough wine, harsh and bitter, sometimes almost as poor in quality as the average French "vin ordinaire" of to-day.

As I have already indicated, the noblest wine of Piedmont is Barolo, which derives its name from the village of Barolo in the Langhe district on the southern border of the province. It is an excellent wine, deep in colour, high in alcoholic strength and possessed of a delicate bouquet. Italian wines may well be found to be lacking in body by the connoisseur of French wines, but no breath of criticism of Barolo will be heard in this respect. In fact, unless one's days are going to be very lazy, I would recommend it as a dinner rather than a lunch wine. The village of Barolo has, incidentally, given its name not only to a fine wine but also to a distinguished Italian noble family. For those who are sentimentally inclined, I would suggest that there is no more appropriate place to drink one's first bottle than the Piazza Savoia of Turin from the eastern side of which there is an uninterrupted view of the magnificent Palazzo Barolo, one of the largest private palaces of Turin. Under the leadership of that original architect, Guarini of Modena, Turin enjoyed a style of Baroque in the later part of the XVIIth century, which can only be called bizarre, but the Palazzo Barolo is free of mannerism in its design and in the detail of its decoration, while its vast courtyard, double staircase and imposing façade recall the scenic effects of one of the Bibienas. The counts of Barolo no longer occupy their palazzo, which is now given over to the picturesque sort of ruin which the Italians are so adept at creating. If we reserve Barolo for great occasions, there are two red sparkling wines which are, I consider, suitable for drinking with meals. They are Nebiolo, a light wine of about the same quality and type as Lambrusco, and Freisa. The latter will not be everyone's taste as a dinner wine, though it is most emphatically mine. It is sometimes rather sweet, but if one asks for Freisa amabile, one will get a wine that is perfectly suitable for the table. The Freisa dolce is on the other hand definitely a dessert wine. Brachetto is also a dessert wine; it lacks the body which gives such character to Freisa, and I would only suggest it as an alternative if neither Recioto nor Freisa is available. There is, incidentally, a Piedmontese Recioto but I have not as yet tasted it. It has a very good reputation amongst Italian wine lovers.

The centre of Piedmontese wine production is the town of Asti, situated on the northern side of the hills which separate Turin from Genoa. Not only does the world-famed Asti Spumante come from this district, but also Nebiolo, Barbera, Moscato and Freisa. Asti Spumante is a very sweet sparkling wine, with a flavour of fresh grape juice, but possessed of highly intoxicating qualities if drunk in quantity. This is not, however, a problem which is likely to arise, for I have always found it difficult to get through even one bottle. It is, of course, a dessert wine and cannot fail to please one's lady unless she happens to be particularly hard-boiled. It is possible to get a dry Asti but even this has more than a suggestion of sweetness. Moscato is, I believe, grown from the same grape as Asti. There is little to choose between them, except that Moscato is somewhat cheaper and, if anything, even sweeter.

I wish I could conclude with an assurance that these wines could be had without the formality of a journey to Italy, but that is not the case. But it is not unfitting that we should pay a visit to the mother-country of our

civilisation, to enjoy her wines as well as to render homage to her works of art.

A Gourmet's Meditations

IN those fortunate countries where the vine flourishes, to acquire a familiar but discreet knowledge of wine is part of one's education. Since the time of Noah, who is reported to have planted the first vineyard to produce the *Yayin* of the Holy Writ, wine-drinking has become almost as much a habit as breathing or thinking. In this country, however, it is different. During recent years the duty imposed on foreign wines has been so progressively increased that for most, meals with their appropriate wines are restricted to birthday celebrations or wedding anniversaries.

Even these important functions are not always honoured by a bottle of the favourite vintage. A hurried inspection of that precious volume, the wine-list, with a furtive glance at the adjacent tables, is often followed by the remark that "a jug of beer seems the right thing to do."

Not that I have anything against beer with food; I can recommend stout with oysters, for example, and bitter beer with boiled meat, roast meat or goose. I have also been known to satiate a keen appetite after a long country walk with bread, cheese and onions, washed down with liberal quantities of the local brew. Two bottles of Bass consort conspicuously with bottles of champagne in Edouard Manet's *Bar of the Folies Bergere*—coming from a Frenchman, it was a great compliment to English beer.

But the connoisseur of wine will not submit to his affection for his favourite Lafite or Yquem being so easily alienated. To him, nothing can replace wine, and the right wine is nectar. To be a connoisseur of wine, one must cultivate taste in the true sense of the word. It is not enough to be able to differentiate between good wine and bad; one must learn to appreciate the merits of the best wines, their colour, bouquet and flavour, a knowledge not acquired through reading books or studying wine-lists, but only through the experience of the senses of sight, smell and taste.

The connoisseur has as much contempt for those who drink no wine as for those who drink too much. He avoids the company of those who drink greedily in gulps, like a paddle steamer, but he has a deep understanding and respect for those who absorb their wine in small mouthfuls, slowly and meditatively, the better to appreciate its subtle qualities. Each wine has its own; the bouquet of Château Margaux, like the perfume of cedar-wood, and the smoothness, gentle and individual, with which it strikes the palate; the fragrance of violets and delicate body of Château Lafite and the elusive bouquet, suggesting verberna, of Château Latour and its rich, full flavour.

I mention first growths of the Médoc, because, with the possible exception of champagnes, they stand supreme among the glorious wines of France. They are beloved of the connoisseur and delicately beguile his palate, eye and nostrils. He chooses his bottle with great care, first by the vineyard and then the vintage, and because all wine of a certain age is liable to have formed a "deposit," he decants his choice over a light an hour before drinking. This allows sufficient time for the wine to become properly *chambred*; he has long discarded the advice appearing in some manuals to "plunge the bottle of claret into hot water before serving," or even to place it near a "warm fire."

He chooses his wineglass with almost as much care as his wine; a capacious one, plain and highly polished; colourless, for how else to appreciate the deep-tinted ruby of Haut Brion or the topaz of Coutet. It is never filled beyond two-thirds of its capacity, the better to

retain the delicate bouquet of the wine and to meditate upon its fragrance.

There are subtler combinations, however, than the wine and its glass. Cheese always enhances the flavour of red wines, but the cheese must be neither too ripe nor too strong. Brie, Camembert, Port-Salut are good, but Gruyère is incomparable. Roquefort and other goat cheeses are apt to spoil the flavour of red wine and a sweet white wine is preferable such as an Yquem, a Guiraud or Climens. The art of choosing the right wine with the right food is a profound one. If the choice of Thomas Walker in his *Art of Dining* can be accepted, one must adopt a broad rather than subtle view when combining food and wine; he thus describes the menu of a dinner given to a friend in 1825:

"There will be a turtle soup, one dish of fish only, Whitebait; only one meat, Grouse; for dessert, simply a jelly and apple fritters; no pastry, which would be out of place in the circumstances. With the soup we will drink Punch, Champagne with the fish, with the game, Claret. I will permit of no other wines, excepting perhaps one or two bottles of Port—for I consider mixtures very annoying."

Compare, for example, a menu by our own André Simon:

MENU	WINE
Oysters.	A white Burgundy, either Chablis, Pouilly or Meursault.
Roast Grouse, Chips and Cress.	A red Côtes du Rhône wine, Hermitage or Chateauneuf-du-Pape.
Apple Charlotte.	A Bual or Malmsey Madeira.

It is, of course, impossible in the realms of reverie to discuss the merits of the thousands of named growths; a vintage chart is always useful and the official list up to 1947 of the Wine and Spirit Association is given for reference.

It is too early to give a value to the wines of

1948; it was a good year but on the whole the wines are not so full-bodied as the '45's.

A forecast of the '49's is that, although the yield has been much smaller, the quality is expected to be high—equal, if not superior, in some cases to the '47's.

After a good meal there is nothing like a good cigar. Although, before the war, I preferred Havana, to-day my taste is thoroughly attuned to the excellent cigars imported from Jamaica; they are pleasant and mild, well flavoured and usually in excellent condition.

Condition is of the utmost importance. A medium quality cigar in good condition is a much more pleasant smoke than a cigar made from the finest leaf but out of condition. The well-conditioned cigar is one that has been dried out slowly after manufacture to a moisture content of between 11 and 12 per cent. If the moisture content is allowed to increase much beyond this limit, the cigar is unlikely to be mellow and sweet, and if allowed to become drier, it will inevitably lose "nature," become brittle and smoke hot. A well-conditioned cigar should feel dry but not hard; when pressed between the thumb and forefinger it should "give" slightly and emit a crackling sound which can be heard a foot away from the ear. This condition is only maintained by storing the cigars in a close-fitting cupboard or case not subject to varying atmospheric conditions of temperature and moisture.

There are many methods of preparing a cigar for smoking, such as piercing, cracking the top by pressure, cutting a wedge, and the American film gangster method of biting off the end. That recommended by the connoisseur of cigars, however, is to cut straight across the top. It has the advantage of leaving the mouth free from straggling ends, and also allows an un-deflected draught, causing a diffused stream of smoke to cover the palate with the full benefit of the flavour.

A wooden match is essential; it should be held away from the cigar and the heat drawn from the body of the flame, not from its point. On no account should the tip of the cigar be thrust into the flame as the leaf round the tip will become carbonised and the cigar will light unevenly, particularly if it is a pointed shape.

VINTAGE CHART

Year	BORDEAUX		BURGUNDY		CHAMPAGNE	HOCKS and MOSELLES
	Claret	White	Red	White		
1920	7	4	3	3	7	7
1921	3	7	4	5	7	7
1922	2	3	2	5	3	—
1923	5	2	7	5	6	5
1924	6	4	4	3	4	4
1925	2	2	1	1	3	—
1926	5	4	6	6	6	—
1927	1	3	2	3	2	—
1928	6	5	6	6	7 plus	—
1929	7	6	7	7	7	6
1930	1	1	2	3	3	—
1931	2	2	1	1	2	—
1932	1	1	1	2	5	—
1933	3	3	5	3	5	6
1934	6	6	5	5	6	7
1935	1	1	3	4	4	—
1936	2	3	2	3	3	4
1937	5	6	6	6	6	7
1938	4	4	5	5	6	3
1939	2	3	2	3	2	2
1940	3	4	2	3	5	3
1941	1	1	1	1	6	1
1942	3	7	4	4	6	6
1943	5	5	4	4	6	7
1944	3	3	2	2	4	5
1945	6	7	7	6	6	7
1946	3	1	5	6	3	5
1947	6	6	5	6	—	—

KEY

1. Valueless. 2. Poor. 3. Medium. 4. Fair. 5. Good. 6. Very Good. 7. Excellent.

With the Claret classification, the Bordeaux Syndicate is inclined to give a better marking. Champagne vintages from 1942 onwards are still developing and the appreciation cannot be considered as definite.

SALE ROOM NOTES & PRICES

BY BRICOLEUR

IN our previous issue it was mentioned, in these notes, that auction prices had shown rising tendencies following the devaluation of the pound. The records of the past month confirm this. Apart from improved business with the U.S.A. and the general widening interest of collectors at home, there is no doubt that there is an increasing number of investors who regard works of art as valuable security against a further *débâcle*.

PICTURES. Christie's important sale of 21st October included "The Mouth of a River with Sailing Boats" by J. van der Cappelle, bringing 5,400 gns. It had been exhibited at the British Institution in 1836, and again in 1864. "A View of the Kneuterdijk at the Hague" signed by J. E. La Fargue and dated 1760, on panel, 760 gns. Another by the same artist, "A View on the Lange Voorhout," made 600 gns. A Pieter de Hooch canvas, "The Visit of the Lover," with a young man entering a tessellated apartment to visit a girl dressed in a white frock, made 1,500 gns. A similar picture is illustrated in Dr. W. R. Valentier's *Pieter de Hooch* (p. 98). A Jan van Goyen panel, signed and dated 1644, "A View of an Old Castle on a River," made 2,050 gns. A Wouwerman, signed with a monogram, "A Winding Road with Figures," 9 in. by 13 in., 180 gns. This had been in the Duke of Marlborough's collection. A fine J. van Ruysdael picture, "A Coast Scene in Holland," exhibited in 1883, signed, made 2,000 gns.

Italian pictures in the sale included the Francesco Guardi "Church of Santa Maria della Salute, Venice," a view looking along the Grand Canal, 27½ in. by 46 in., at 7,200 gns. Four small views in one frame, each measuring 2½ in. by 3½ in., by the same artist, of islands near Venice, made 600 gns. Another Venetian picture was "A View of the Doges' Palace" by Marieschi, 300 gns. A Coello portrait of Margaret, Duchess of Parma, 19 in. by 14½ in., 150 gns. A flower-piece by Abraham Mignon, 24½ in. by 20 in., 460 gns. A Lucas Cranach panel, "Christ Blessing the Little Children," 14½ in. by 19½ in., made 750 gns.

The 4th November sale included "A Fencing Lesson" painted in 1867 by the Spanish artist Leon Y. Escosura, 8 in. by 10½ in., 105 gns., and "On Guard," by J. L. E. Meissonier, at 230 gns. The latter had been included in the artist's sale in 1893. A woodland scene by J. B. C. Corot made 70 gns., and a Wouwerman painting, "A Horse in a Village Square," 320 gns. Unexpectedly "A Plantation in the Tropics," by F. J. Post, made 520 gns.

Sotheby's sale of 2nd November also included some important Dutch pictures. "A Lady at her Toilet," by Jacob Ochtervelt (1635-1700), brought £1,000. This painting, of a lady at her dressing table, dressed in a bright yellow gown, and with her maid pinning a bow into her hair, was sold with a certificate from Professor A. Glück. In a sale in 1829 66 gns. had been paid for it. A Pieter de Hooch interior, with two men and a woman eating oysters, signed and dated 1681, made £550. This picture is described by H. De Groot, *Catalogue Raisonné* i, p. 536, No. 218. "A Hawking Party" by Philip Wouwermans was from the Royal Picture Gallery, Dresden, and is mentioned in the Dresden inventories as early as 1707. It made £620. A river landscape by Jan Brueghel, on copper, 11 in. by 14½ in., £290, and an attractive flower-piece, of summer flowers, also on copper, by Ambrosius Bosschaert, 16 in. by 12½ in., £320. An early Italian panel of the Virgin and Child, by Bernardo Daddi (1280-1348), formerly on loan to the Hove Museum, fetched £820. Old Master drawings included a Francois Boucher, "Study of an Oriental," in red chalk, £32; a Claude Gellée, called Lorrain, "A Forest Scene," pen and brown wash, £120, and a number of Giovanni Domenico Tiepolo drawings, averaging between £40 and £80 each.

SILVER. Christie's sales of 5th and 19th October included some fine collectors' pieces. A George II tea kettle, stand and lamp, by Paul de Lamerie, 1745, the lamp 1741, 95 oz. 6 dwt., made 240 gns., and a Commonwealth circular tazza, with repoussé border, 10½ in. diam. and 15 oz. 15 dwt. weight, with maker's mark NW, a star below, 480 gns. A Queen Anne coffee pot was engraved with the arms of the Lee family which became extinct in the male line on the death of the American General Charles Lee, at the end of the XVIIIth century. The gross weight of the pot was 27 oz. 8 dwt., maker's mark CH, mullet above, cinquefoil below, 1704, and it brought 200 gns. A William and Mary plain cylindrical peg tankard and cover, 6½ in. high, maker's mark RP, mullet below, 1690, 85 gns., and another tankard, four years later, 13 oz. 2 dwt., maker's mark FS, pellet above and below, 90 gns. A William III small plain tankard and cover, 16 oz. 3 dwt., by John Ruslin, 1698, 54 gns. A James II plain tankard and cover, 22 oz., maker's mark IA in monogram, 1685, £195. A Queen Anne cylindrical tankard and cover, the front engraved with a large baroque cartouche, 45 oz. 19 dwt., 1709, made 72 gns. The maker's mark was MA, two mullets above and *fleur-de-lys* below. This mark, of Huguenot type, is unrecorded by Jackson, and has been found previously on a cup of 1709, a tazza of 1704, and a porringer of 1703. A George II two-handled cup, by Paul de Lamerie, 44 oz., 1736, £130, and a plain pear-shaped cream jug, 3½ in. high, 3 oz. 7 dwt., by Humphrey Payne, 1734, made £54.

A fitted case of Victorian Sheffield silver containing one hundred and forty-four table knives and seventy-two cheese knives made

95 gns. The same property included two hundred and forty Victorian silver dinner plates, 9½ in. diam.: divided into ten lots, each of twenty-four, with an average weight per lot of 502 oz. The price paid varied between 155 gns. to 170 gns. for each lot, and thirty-six soup plates of similar type, 796 oz., made 230 gns.

The sale of 9th November included a Victorian fiddle-pattern table service of 77 pieces, 213 oz. 18 dwt., £105. An earlier table service, of 1809 and 1834, of 110 pieces, 301 oz. 5 dwt., brought 125 gns., and provided evidence of the gaining popularity of good quality Victorian table silver. Collectors' pieces included a XVIIth century Scandinavian peg tankard, 29 oz. 18 dwt., 155 gns., and a set of three George I muffineers, 8 oz. 12 dwt., maker's mark F.T., mullet above, cinquefoil below (probably Francis Turner), 125 gns.

Sotheby's sale on 20th October included a pair of George III candlesticks, of Adam design, by John Winter & Co., Sheffield, 1780-1, £210. A set of four candlesticks by the same makers, also of Adam design, 1782, made £68. Modern silver included a pair of silver-gilt fruit baskets, and two pairs of dessert stands, 144 oz. 15 dwt., £65, and a tea-tray, of shaped outline, 138 oz., £62. A plain William and Mary tankard, sold at Knight, Frank and Rutley's, by Timothy Ley, circa 1692, brought £60, and a pair of George II sauce-boats, 30 oz., 1739, £32. At Rogers, Chapman and Thomas' a set of four William IV salts on tortoise bases, 42 oz. 10 dwt., 1835, made £30.

The sale on 3rd November included the well-known Elizabethan silver-gilt and crystal standing cup and cover, known as the Sutton Salt. Six years ago, in Sir Andrew Noble's sale, it had made £2,000, and on the present occasion it brought an increase on this price of £400. An Elizabethan York wine cup, 6 in. high, by George Kitchen, 1568, 5 oz. 10 dwt., made £190. A heavy early George II circular toilet box, 4½ in. diam., maker's mark C.R., flower-head below in a shaped shield, London, 15 oz. 17 dwt., £260, and a pair of George II sauceboats by Paul de Lamerie, on "corn-cob" supports, 27 oz. 17 dwt., £220.

FURNITURE. In Christie's sale of 10th November a Chippendale mahogany show cabinet, 44 in. wide, which had belonged to Florence Nightingale's father, brought 800 gns. A Queen Anne toilet mirror on a stand with a fall-front and small drawers, 17½ in. wide, 72 gns. A Chippendale limewood upright mirror, with shaped plate, 67 in. high, 70 gns., and a Chippendale giltwood overmantel, 60 in. wide, 75 gns. A Queen Anne walnut tallboy, with five long and two short drawers, 43 in. wide, 125 gns. A Regency rosewood sofa-table, on end supports, 64 in. wide, 82 gns. An Elizabethan walnut cupboard, with panelled folding doors, on a stand of later date, 50 in. wide, made 32 gns. This is illustrated and described in Macquoid's *Age of Oak*, pp. 109-112. A William Kent mahogany hanging cupboard, carved to represent a Queen Anne doorway, 30½ in. wide, fetched 20 gns.

A Louis XVI marquetry breakfront commode, inlaid with bouquets of flowers, musical trophies and classical landscapes, 57 in. wide, made 380 gns.

Sotheby's sale of 28th October, amongst other furniture, included the following chairs: A set of six Georgian mahogany dining-chairs, with pierced splats and red-leather seats, £60; a set of four Georgian mahogany chairs, with entwined splats and red-leather seats, £30; a set of eight Regency chairs, including four arms, of unusual design, with painted legs and paw feet, covered in leather (worn), £100; a pair of George II chairs, with elaborately pierced backs, £46; a mid XVIIIth century elbow chair, with scrolled handles, £11; and a Windsor armchair, with yew-wood back, £13. A set of seven Hepplewhite shield-back dining-chairs with two arms, carved with wheatears, £260; a Queen Anne walnut elbow chair, with stuffed back and seat and cabriole legs, £28; a Hepplewhite mahogany shield-back elbow chair, carved with the Prince of Wales' plumes, the seat in gold and silver damask, £28; a Sheraton painted elbow chair, £15. Jacobean oak chests of drawers of the type with split-baluster decoration and shaped panels seem to maintain a steady auction value of between £30 and £40. An example, 38 in. wide, with three drawers, made £32.

At Phillips, Son and Neale a Louis XV chaise-longue, of carved giltwood and upholstered in pink brocade, brought £66. In the Edwardian era the furnishings of a lady's bedroom were incomplete without a massive French day-bed, but they are very little favoured at the present time, unless they are of the type in three sections, as was the above example, when the parts can be used separately as two armchairs and a stool. A XIXth century French writing table, 6 ft. wide, of Louis XV style, in kingwood and with gilt mounts, brought £50, and a set of six Aubusson tapestry seat covers, woven with figures and flowers, £70.

At Robinson and Foster's a French kingwood bureau, with a cylinder front, 4 ft. wide, brought £48 6s., and a suite of six chairs and a settee, of Louis XV style, upholstered in floral brocade, in gilt and white, £58 16s.

At Knight, Frank and Rutley's a Louis XV ormolu and lacquer inkstand, mounted with porcelain figures of Harlequin and Columbine, 13 in. wide, £32, a Sèvres porcelain and ormolu chandelier, for eighteen lights, £32, and a Louis XV kingwood and tulipwood tray-top table, 36 in. wide, £64. A pair of Louis XV walnut commodes, with ormolu rococo mounts, 36 in. wide, brought £185. At their sale at the Dower House, Slindon, a pair of Louis XVI fauteuils, with Aubusson covers woven with bouquets, made £57, and a Louis XV style small writing table, 18 in. wide, £37.

In a country sale held at Wilbury House, Sunningdale, by



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Rogers, Chapman & Thomas, a Chippendale mahogany bookcase cabinet, with glazed doors in the upper part and a serpentine lower part, 3 ft. 9 in. wide, made £330; a Sheraton gentleman's wardrobe, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, £48; and a Queen Anne walnut lowboy chest, £42. At a sale at Halls Croft, Stratford-on-Avon, held by Jackson, Stops & Staff, a late XVI century oak four-post bedstead, with panelled tester and headboard, made £62; another Elizabethan bedstead of similar design and with elaborate enrichments, £54; and three XVIIth century oak refectory tables on baluster legs, made £65, £57 and £50 respectively.

PORCELAIN. An important sale of Chelsea pieces took place at Christie's on 10th November. The prices paid provide evidence of the increasing value of old English porcelain. A helmet-shaped rose-water ewer and dish, gold anchor mark, painted in the style of Lancet, 8½ in. high and the dish 13½ in. wide, made 1,150 gns. This had brought 900 gns. in the Walker sale of 1945. A sucrier, same mark, painted with Chinese figures playing musical instruments with brilliant ruby ground borders, had brought 580 gns. in the same sale in 1945, and now brought 1,050 gns. A pair of vases, of hexagonal tapering form and painted in the style of Boucher, 9½ in. high, 540 gns. A pair of deep cups, painted with exotic birds, 3½ in. high, 290 gns. Another deep cup, similarly painted, on a Louis XV ormolu base, 125 gns. An inkstand, double anchor mark in gold, modelled with a lamb, 8½ in. wide, 210 gns. Less rare pieces of Chelsea included a vase painted with exotic birds, gold anchor mark, 9½ in. high, 70 gns.; a hexagonal dish, with flower sprays, same mark, 6 in. wide, 10 gns.; a pair of coffee cups, painted with birds on a *gris-bleu* ground, same mark, 16 gns.; and two Chelsea-Derby figures of a girl and a youth, emblematic of Summer and Autumn, 9 in. high, 48 gns.

In Mr. W. B. Honey's standard work, *Old English Porcelain*, first published in 1928, it is said, with regard to figures from the Worcester factory, that only a "Gardener" and his companion and two "Turks" were then known to exist. This lack of figures is held to be due to technical difficulties; a lack of the necessary plastic quality in the Worcester paste. Mr. Honey was convinced that there were other Worcester figures then unidentified in collectors' cabinets, which would be recognized in the course of time. In Sotheby's sale of 21st October a pair of these excessively rare Worcester figures appeared; a "Sportsman" and companion, hitherto unrecorded. The catalogue description included an analysis of the porcelain, taken from a small scraping from the neck of the male figure. The figures, painted in colours, were 7½ in. high, and £1,800 was paid for the pair.

Welsh porcelain was notable in the sale on 28th October. A pair of Swansea plates from the Burdett-Coutts service, painted in a London workshop, with baskets of old English garden flowers within gilt scroll-work, £50; a Nantgarw plate with "three-rose" centre, the rim with a garland of pink roses framed by fruiting vines, with another London-decorated plate, impressed NANTGARW C.W., £58; another Nantgarw plate decorated by Thomas Pardoe with a pair of exotic pheasants, similarly impressed, £78. There are similar designs in Pardoe's sketch book, reproduced by Morton Nance. A set of three Nantgarw landscape plates, with Welsh scenes, two impressed as above, £165. Miniature pieces of Swansea, fourteen in the lot, including candlesticks, a watering-can and a bottle, £47; twelve pieces, including a pot-pourri basket, £42.

SNUFF-BOXES. The most important of the boxes sold at Christie's on 17th October was a Louis XVI gold snuff-box, made in Paris in 1784 by Claude-François Thierry. Twenty-five years later it was presented by the Duke of Albuquerque to Sir W. Knighton, who was in Seville in 1809 as physician to the Marquis Wellesley, on the latter's embassy to Spain. The lid was chased with a panel of trophies, birds and tree stumps in vari-coloured golds. 300 gns. was paid for this, and 82 gns. for a Swiss octagonal gold snuff-box, enamelled with mythological scenes. A Swiss silver-gilt singing bird box brought 98 gns., a tortoiseshell singing bird box, 115 gns., and a French silver-gilt singing bird box, 62 gns. An English oblong gold snuff-box by A. J. Strachan, 1809, made 68 gns., a Swiss oval gold box, the lid enamelled with shipping, 105 gns., and a French gold box, decorated with a portrait *en grisaille*, 82 gns.

The sale on 26th October included a Scottish oval gold box, by James Nasmyth & Co., of Edinburgh, 155 gns., and some XVIIIth century Meissen porcelain snuff-boxes. One, 3½ in. wide, painted with pastoral figures, made 70 gns.; another painted with scenes derived from "Promenade sur les Remparts," by Watteau, 78 gns.; and another, painted with equestrian figures, 180 gns. A Meissen oblong box, painted by J. J. Clauze, circa 1760, 3½ in. wide, made 195 gns.

ITALIAN RENAISSANCE BRONZES. To-day, compared to twenty or thirty years ago, there are comparatively few collectors of bronzes. The natural result has been a decline in the value of these works of art. The present lack of collectors seems to be due to no more than a turn in the wheel of fashion. Bronzes are mostly of small size, and there can be no question that their fall from favour has been due to changed conditions of living, as in the case of tapestries, where the size has reduced values, a collector of bronzes would be able to buy now at about a third of the cost of a generation ago, and very possibly have the satisfaction of witnessing a general renewal of interest in this field. The collector of unfashionable works of art always has the greatest chance of making those "finds" which are the leaven of connoisseurship, whatever

his means may be. First, of course, he will have to learn to distinguish the good from the mediocre, and well-catalogued museum collections are the safest path to this end. But it is necessary to go to the museum with the firm intention of looking at the examples of his chosen field, and nothing else.

The well-known E. L. Paget collection of bronzes was dispersed at Sotheby's on October 12th. A XVIIth century Italian figure of a lion, with its head raised in the act of roaring, the whole animal denoting vigour, on a marble base, 6 in. by 8 in., brought £11; this had once been in the Silten collection. A small figure of an ox lying on the ground, together with another of a recumbent cow, both Italian XVIth-XVIIth century, £4; a school of Riccio bust of a woman, after the antique, 4½ in., and a XVIth century figure of a boar seated on its haunches, brought £19. A XVIth century small oval bowl, 5½ in., decorated with figures of the Virtues, including Temperance, Wisdom and Fortitude, £15 10s. A XVIth century oval plaque with Christ washing the Disciple's feet, in an architectural background, £8 10s. A XVIth century Paduan lamp and cover, by Riccio, with marine deities in relief, the lid with figures of women at a sacrifice, 6 in. long, £22. A fine XVIth century Venetian plaque with St. John the Baptist in full relief, and another with the Head of Christ, after an antique cameo in the Treasury of St. Peter's, Rome, together brought £15. A German XVth century figure of a naked man, holding a shield, was passed. The rarest piece was an equestrian group of a warrior mounted on a prancing steed and about to strike a prostrate naked warrior. This Milanese XVIth century bronze, 8½ in. long, was from a Leonardo da Vinci design for the proposed Trivulzio Monument, and brought £780. Other important pieces were a school of Michelangelo group, Hercules and Anteus, 15½ in., £360; a figure of an ostrich, cast from nature, from the studio of Giovanni da Bologna, late XVIth or early XVIIth century, £260; a monkey, 13½ in. high, same school and date, £280; and a Paduan panther, circa 1500, brilliantly modelled as though in pursuit of prey, 11½ in. long, £720.

TAPESTRIES. Two important panels were sold at Sotheby's on 14th October. One, woven with four months (October, November, December and January) from *The Seasons*, was from the Mortlake manufactory, and was from the design made by Sir Francis Crane for King Charles I. Marillier illustrates an example of the same design in *English Tapestries of the XVIIIth Century* from the collection in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, in which the month of January is missing. The measurements were 16 ft. wide by 9 ft. 7 in. high, and the final bid £380. An even larger panel was woven with a design from *The Story of Noah*. This superb Brussels panel had been woven in 1568 by William de Pannemaker, and measured 18 ft. 2 in. wide by no less than 13 ft. 5 in. high. It brought £390. An XVIIIth century Aubusson tapestry, with a group of figures in a landscape, 8 ft. 2 in. by 8 ft. 8 in., made £38, and a pair of later Aubusson panels, with flowers in fresh colours, 5 ft. 2 in. wide by 10 ft. 2 in. high, £52. An early XVIIth century panel, 6 ft. 1 in. by 3 ft. 10 in., with a woman holding a ewer, evidently part of a larger tapestry, made only £5.

ANTIQUITIES. Sotheby's sale on 17th and 18th October included Egyptian, Greek and Roman antiquities, and implements and weapons from the Stone, Bronze and Iron Ages. A fine Attic black figure Amphora, circa 540 B.C., depicting Hercules returning with the Erymanthian boar, 16 in. high, made £250. An Attic Oinochoe, of similar date, painted in black figure over white slip, with dancing menaeds, 12½ in. high, £480. A IVth century B.C. Greek terra-cotta figure of a boxer, vigorously sculptured, 15 in. high, £42. A marble statuette of a young satyr, holding cymbals, circa 250 B.C., 26½ in. high, £50. A Greek bronze prancing horse, IVth century B.C., 3½ in., £180. An Etruscan Vth century bronze statuette of a nude youth, which, in spite of its small size, showed all the characteristics of its period, 3½ in., £78. Amongst the Egyptian antiquities was a lot comprising five bronze cats, one with the Sacred Scarab on its head, £70. A wood figure of a walking official, from the XXIIInd Dynasty, Middle Kingdom, £55.

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